The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 198. Vol. XXXIII. MARCH, 1908. Price Sixpence.
Subscription rate 8s. per annum post free. Published Monthly.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The April number of The Bookman will contain a special illustrated article on "Cambridge in Literature."

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, whose novels are rapidly increasing in popularity, will have a new book ready for publication by Messrs. Hutchinson this summer.

Mr. J. J. Bell is making good progress with his new long novel, which will be issued in the early autumn.

Mr. Hall Caine is at present at Assouan, but expects to return to England at the beginning of April. He is hard at work on his new novel, which will appear serially in the *Strand Magazine*.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will publish in the autumn Mr. Winston Churchill's account of his recent journey in Africa. The book will be fully illustrated with photographs taken by the author.

Mr. Edmund Dulac, whose illustrations to the "Arabian Nights" created such a sensation last autumn, is at present at work on a series of paintings for an illustrated edition of "The Tempest," which will be published this winter.

Mr. Keble Howard will have a new long novel ready for autumn publication. The title is "Little Miss Charity," and the scene pastoral Warwickshire.

We understand that Mrs. Alice Perrin has completed a new novel, the scene of which is laid in India. The title of the book is "Idolatry," and the novel deals to a large extent with missionary life in India. The book will be published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, who have just issued a sixpenny edition of Mrs. Perrin's very successful novel "The Stronger Claim."

The death of Mr. Joseph Grego, at the age of sixty-four, removes from our midst a valued authority on prints, of which he had a fine collection. He was learned in the art of Georgian days, and was especially interested in caricature, to the history of which he made acceptable contributions in the form of biographies of Rowlandson and Gillray.

Mr. George H. Lorimer, the famous author of "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to his Son," will publish this spring a novel entitled "Jack Spurlock, Prodigal."

"The Flower of the Orange," a new novel by Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle, is announced for early publication.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Sir Luke Fildes.**
Illustrator of "Edwin Drood"

Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, the author of "Brewster's Millions," is at work on a new book which he will call "The Husbands of Edith."

A new novel which Mrs. Everard Cotes has written under the title "Cinderella of Canada," will be published this spring. In Canada, curiously enough, the title is to be changed to "A Canadian Girl in London."

We think the following story of Sir Gilbert Parker is new. At any rate, as a Canadian magazine puts it, it strikes a chord of sympathy in many a writer's heart. It seems that some twenty-five years ago, when Sir Gilbert Parker was on a visit to the United States, he met a typical man of the Middle West, one of the breezy, good-natured, friendly sort. Sir Gilbert was impressed by the type, and particularly interested in the colloquial slang which his acquaintance managed with more than usual deftness. The phrase that pleased him most, called out with amiability and no discoverable meaning, was "Well, give my love to the girls!" Those who have read Sir Gilbert Parker's newly published novel "The Weavers," will recall this phrase on the lips of one Thomas Tilman Lacey, who takes hearty leave of an Oriental potentate with the words, "Well, good-bye, King; give my love to the girls!" Lacey, in fact, was the prototype of the Western man. The latter was engaged in some provision business, always expecting to make a lot of money some time, and talking about it rather frequently. Ten years later, in a New York hotel, Sir Gilbert was caught by the cheerful words wafted along the corridor, "Well, good-bye, give my love to the girls!" He recognised his man, and went over to him.

"Wait a minute," said the Westerner. "Know you perfectly well: Can't place you. Let me see—"

Sir Gilbert smiled, quoted the old phrase, and the other recalled his identity.

"Well, well! And what are you doing now?" asked the Westerner.

"Writing books," confessed Sir Gilbert.

"Is that so!" said the other, evidently moved. "And I've struck it rich! Can I do anything for you?"

The Dickens cult has been lifted out of the groove of leisure hobbies and become a passion and a great crusade as a contemporary has recently suggested, and no doubt such enthusiasts as Mr. B. W. Matz, whose portrait we are able to present to our readers, has done much towards this end. He was the founder of the Dickens Fellowship, which has reached such huge dimensions throughout the world, and he is the editor of the *Dickensian*, an excellent little magazine devoted to the great subject of Dickens. Recently Mr. Matz was able to identify a large mass of Dickens's writings hitherto hidden away in periodicals, and these have just been added to the superb "National" Edition of the novelist's works

Photo by W. J. Roberts. **Mr. B. W. Matz.**
Editor of the *Dickensian*.

under the title of "Miscellaneous Papers," with an introduction from his pen; indeed, we understand that this edition of Dickens's works has been produced under his editorship. Mr. Matz is lecturing on the subject of these discoveries at Essex Hall, Strand, on March 4, at 8 o'clock. The interesting article on "Edwin Drood" in our pages is, as will be seen, contributed by him.

A first novel by Mr. Percy Barron which is likely to create considerable stir will be published immediately by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, under the title "The Hate Flame." The scene of the story is modern Ireland, and there can be no doubt that certain incidents described in the book will arouse heated discussion. The author is prepared for this, but he is convinced that the characters in the story are faithful portraits, and the views they express thoroughly representative. Whatever else it may be, it is, at least, a sincere book, and the author has endeavoured to give all sides a fair hearing. The book concerns character, and not politics. It is a love romance first, and if beneath the story the reader cares to seek a fable, he must point the moral for himself. Perhaps in the hero, Jack Bullen, he will see England, good intentioned, warm-hearted, self-reliant, and utterly unable to understand the hatred he inspires. Perhaps in Kathleen, the heroine, one may see Ireland, swayed by many advisers; and in Father O'Darrell the Church that rules her country.

Photo by Lafayette.

Mr. Percy Barron.

Although this is Mr. Barron's first novel, he was for ten years an active journalist in Fleet Street. For some years he spent all his spare time in travelling, and had the good fortune to visit every country in Europe. He is inclined to say that his favourite literature is Bradshaw's Railway Guide, and has little sympathy with people who affect boredom. His advice to such a one is: take a ticket to any place south of Buda-Pest, dump yourself and a knapsack containing a couple of flannel shirts at any out-of-the-way station, and trust to luck and an occasional lift in a bullock-cart to help you through your journey to nowhere in particular. It is an interesting experience, especially if one does not know the language.

Mr. Barron was in Servia when the King and Queen were assassinated. He at once hurried to Belgrade, and he hopes some day to write of his experiences there. Morocco was one of his early loves, though many of the happiest days of his life were spent among the heather and sand seas of Sunset Land. Europe he describes as a wonderland of delight to one who loves to loaf through it alone and who is not afraid of walking. The shifting crowds of the boulevard, the piazza, strasse, or highway are the finest picture-galleries in the world.

Mr. Barron has no methods of work. He scribbles in the early morning, in the open air if possible, in order to get some sunshine into his pages. He will work in a yacht, in a garden—anywhere, he says, where there are no modern time-wasting contrivances.

While biography succeeds biography, the curious may now and then note a strange omission. Thus, we have had no account of the life of George Gissing, and Mr. Thomas Seccombe's introduction to "The House of Cobwebs" was strictly limited to an appreciation of the novels. Neither has there been a memoir of the author of "Lorna Doone," for though Blackmore kept a diary, he left instructions that no Life should be written, and his representatives have piously obeyed the injunction. By the way, a new edition of "Lorna Doone" is in the press, and its special feature will be photographs of all the places mentioned therein. This innovation, if generally followed by publishers, may develop into a nuisance; for we have "biographical" editions of various authors, and it would be too bad if we were to have in addition "topographical" editions.

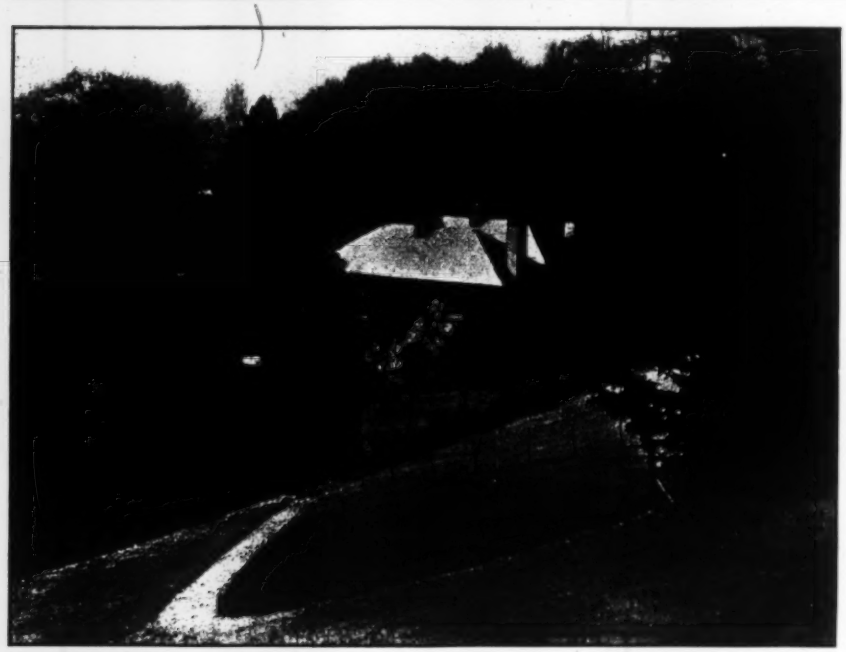

Photo: Topical Press.

Flint House, Boxhill.

Mr. George Meredith's house from a hill.

Mr. George Meredith, his age, his youth and his genius, have been so much in our minds during the past month that while offering him our congratulations on the first opportunity permitted to us, we reproduce a few scenes by which our interested readers may know the surroundings among which the novelist passes the greater part of his time, away from the noisier paths of literature.

The niche that the beaux of the later Georgian period still occupy in the minds of most people, though not, perhaps, in their esteem, shows clearly that folly as well as wisdom or art or beauty may bring in its train a considerable and enduring fame. Yet with the exception of Brummell, little is known of them, and it is surprising that their lives and achievements have found no historian, since it cannot be doubted that they make an interesting, if not always an edifying, group. This gap in the history of the lighter annals of the beginning of the last century will shortly be filled by Mr. Lewis Melville's new book, "The Beaux of the Regency."

Brummell was the great man of fashion in those days, but Mr. Melville has brought to light, for the first time, a mass of information concerning the social lives of the now almost forgotten cronies of "The First Gentleman of Europe," Sir John Lader, "Jockey" of Norfolk, Sir H. Lumley Skeffington, George Hanger, and Henry, Earl of Barrymore; as well as of those later dandies, Lord Petersham, Tom Raikes, "Golden Ball" Hughes, Long Wellesley, "Poodle" Byng, Lord Yarmouth, Gronow, Lord Alvanley, and the rest. Mr. Melville's object, we understand, is not only to trace the career of these men, but also to show the development of dandyism under the Regency. "The Beaux of the Regency" will be profusely illustrated with rare contemporary caricatures.

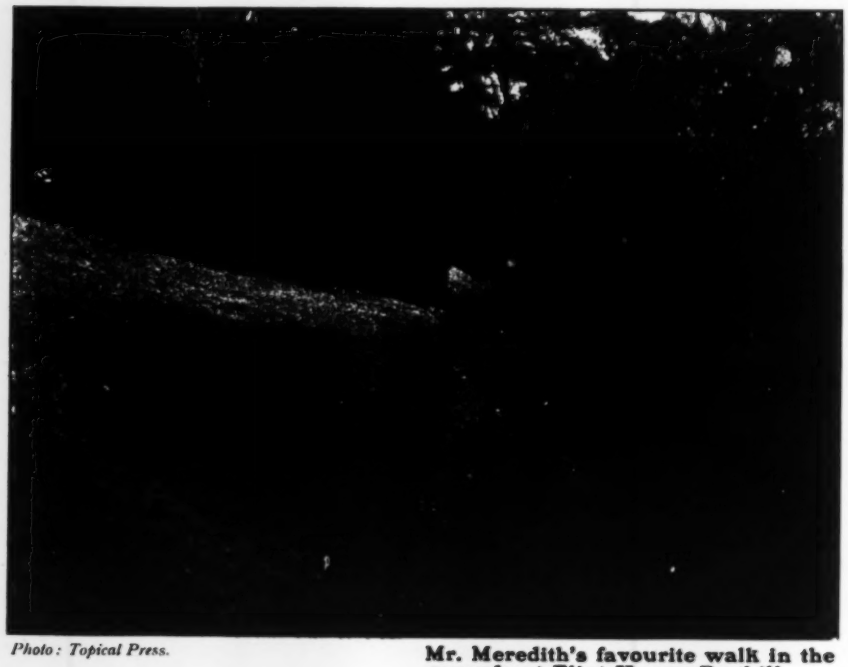

Photo: Topical Press.

Mr. Meredith's favourite walk in the grounds at Flint House, Boxhill.

Actors have recently been complaining that wealthy amateurs are invading the stage, with the result that these well-to-do folk, by accepting nominal salaries are able to displace those whose means do not permit them to take starvation wages. This cry is by no means new, and it is here alluded to only because the surprising thing about it is that the grumblers ignore,

or seem to ignore, the fact that acting, if only a minor art, is yet an art. Being an art, it stands to reason that the wealthy may practise it with as much success as the poor; and, indeed, it is a fact known to those conversant with theatrical affairs that while at the top of the tree of this calling some have risen from the ranks, more are people of good standing and considerable means. In the literary calling, on the other hand, there has never been any outcry against outsiders. In the commonwealth of letters there is a welcome for all who can write, and the wealthy peer and the opulent merchant are regarded without jealousy by the most impecunious scribe.

Photo: Topical Press.

The Château, Boxhill, from a distance.
Showing the market-garden and grounds.

It is true that the literary man has the reputation of being jealous of his brother-writers, but this reproach is undeserved. Perhaps the novelist with the greatest circulation may inspire with unkind feelings the novelist with the second greatest circulation; but such cases are very rare. Editors are always on the look-out for talent, and gladly encourage it whether it is displayed by peer or plebeian, rich man or pauper; while other men of letters, with few exceptions, will hold out, and have held out, helping hands to the promising beginner. If there is no royal road to success in our calling, at least the path is made smooth for the young gifted writer!

MM. Calmann-Levy have just published the first volume of M. Anatole France's elaborate work on Jeanne d'Arc, a massive octavo of over six hundred pages. Written in a tone of sincere zeal and affection, this saintly life cannot fail to make a profound impression. It is superfluous to point out that the author combines the qualifications of a profound archivist with those of an almost unrivalled master of French literary prose. The tranquillity and beauty of the style, with its complete avoidance of all affectation and undue ornament, no less than the wonderful penetration shown into the life of the period, its form and pressure, will constitute this one of M. Anatole France's noblest literary achievements.

The Life of the heroine whom Lingard in his "History of England" quaintly entitled "this interesting female" has found no lack of students in England, but it deserves to be pointed out that the two deservedly best known books on the Maid

Photo: Topical Press.

Mr. Meredith going for his daily outing.

written in the English tongue of late years are both by Americans, the Lives, namely, by Mark Twain and Francis Lowell.

A memorial tablet has been erected at 19, Curzon Street, Mayfair, where Lord Beaconsfield spent the last years of his life. There it was that he completed "Endymion," the last of his novels. "He had left 'Endymion' half-finished when he took office in 1874," Froude has told us; "he went on with it when office had left him, perhaps because he had thought himself obliged to buy a house in London on retiring from Downing Street, and wanted money." It is a matter of common knowledge that he received for the copyright the sum of ten thousand pounds.

Those who note with observant eye the vicissitudes of literary fame will have been struck by the announcement of the solemn removal of the remains of Emile Zola to rest along with those of Voltaire, Rousseau, Hugo and Pasteur in the Panthéon. It cannot be denied that Zola possessed a good share of those qualities which led a French critic to characterise Charles Dickens as a combination of Alexandre Dumas and St. Vincent de Paul. But when one reflects how Zola, "the Michael Angelo of the gutter," was regarded a brief twenty years ago!

In the illustration of this number we have been much indebted to Messrs. Chapman & Hall and to Mr. B. W. Matz, editor of the *Dickensian*.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. H. C. BAILEY.

JOURNALISM and literature are supposed to be as far apart as the poles. Perhaps they are—journalism is for a day, and literature is for all time, or for a very long time, but it does not necessarily follow that a journalist cannot be a man of letters. Mr. H. C. Bailey is quite a shining example to the contrary, though I must confess that it came upon me as something of a surprise to learn that the incorrigible romantic whom one discovers in the author of "Springtime" and "Beaujeu" has served for seven years, ever since he came down from Oxford in fact, on the treadmill of a great newspaper office. One can perceive no affinity between Fleet Street and, let us say, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, and for similar reasons it is almost impossible to imagine Mr. Bailey laying down the points of a didactic article on Tariff Reform. I find it difficult to picture him as an easy master in what some one has called "the leader-writer's infernal art."

After all, the fact that Mr. Bailey is one of the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph* concerns us very little. He is primarily a novelist, and it is in his leisure that he produces his real work. Seven novels, good ones, in as many years, represent a creditable achievement for any man, even if he accomplish nothing else.

A Londoner, and an *alumnus* of the City of London School—the school that trained G. W. Steevens—Mr. Bailey was seized when very young with a passionate desire to write novels. Old numbers of his school magazine could disclose efforts of his immaturity. Even so could back files of the *Isis*, of which he became editor in his second year at Corpus. Judging from his work one might think he would have owed his scholar's gown to his proficiency in history, which was not the case. Mr. Bailey was a classical scholar, first in "Greats" of his year, and his historical reading has been mainly accomplished unrestrained by the limitations of "courses of reading prescribed by the University." He does not apply "local colour" to his books as if it were a finishing coat of varnish; his art provides a subtler suggestion that pervades his characters, his scenes, and his atmosphere, an effect quite impossible to evolve without really deep and conscientious historical research. And I might point out here that his range has been wide: that mediæval Italy, the Napoleonic period, and the time of the rising of the Netherlands have all furnished settings for his romances, and work on which he is now engaged takes him farther afield yet.

Mr. Bailey has somewhat strong opinions as to the province of the historical novelist, a class he is fully qualified to represent. We used to think that rather stern limitations should be enjoined upon the man who drew history into the service of fiction. We used to think that without such limitations his productions had sometimes an injurious, occasionally even a pernicious, effect. In fact some of us, myself for one, think this still. But not so Mr. Bailey. So long as he produces a faithful picture of his period, and depicts the racial characteristics of his men and women, he is very well satisfied. The unities of time and space he ignores. He would feel justified in presenting to us Julius Cæsar with the attributes of Caligula, in endowing Charles II. with the personality of John Knox. Occasionally he invents whole principalities and powers, wars and battles. There are good arguments, of course, for such a point of view. And we should be the last to say of Mr. Bailey that he was pernicious.

Mr. Bailey is not to be confounded with his namesake, the new editor of the *Contemporary Review*, who has been wont to discourse learnedly on French poetry therein. Our Mr. Bailey is barely thirty years old, but the work he has already accomplished renders his future one of rich promise. It was in 1897 that he went up to Oxford, and in his second "long" he wrote his first novel, "My Lady of Orange." In due course the MS. fell among the publishers' readers, and it was a judicious Fate that decreed into whose hands it should fall. Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. invited Mr. Andrew Lang's judgment upon it. That judgment realised its

merit, with the consequence that the tale appeared in instalments in *Longman's Magazine*, afterwards being issued in book form. We have already mentioned that Mr. Bailey, while an undergraduate, directed the fortunes of the *Isis* for two years. For those who care to know it, we may add that he achieved the distinction of being cox of the Corpus boat.

Two years after the publication of his first book, Mr. Bailey, out of his leisure, produced two more, "The Master of Gray" and "Karl of Erbach," both of which appeared in 1903, both also being published by Longmans. The next year, with the love for his *Alma Mater* still strong upon him, he gave us, through Messrs. Chapman & Hall, a story of Oxford life, his only modern novel. "Rimingtons" was a notable book. A tale of one's own time, it is, though with certain touches of realism, just as brimful of romance as any story of mediæval bravoes and fair ladies, or Stuart cavaliers and their loves, with which Mr. Bailey's rich fancy has ever charmed us. Seldom was the course of true love crossed more often than in the case of Dick Rimington and Ethel Verschoyle. In Jack Strachan, the *deus ex machina* who finally smoothes their path for the lovers, we trace resemblances to Mr. Bailey's self. Such resemblance may be merely superficial, or unconscious, and we apologise if we do Mr. Bailey an injustice.

Mr. H. C. Bailey.

In 1905 appeared "Beaujeu," a romance of the time of James II. and the coming of William of Orange. This story has all the grace of Egerton Castle's work, combined with a strength which that author lacks. Early in 1907 came "Springtime," unquestionably Mr. Bailey's finest effort, a glowing study of mediæval Italy, alive with colour and movement, its characters a motley but ever real throng of lords and ladies, warriors and vagabonds, lords either *dilettanti* or fiends, ladies demure as Madonna or desirous as Messalina, warriors with the hearts of children, and vagabonds of a marvellous genius for epigram. A pleasant feast, indeed, and one that spoilt us for the enjoyment of "Raoul, Gentleman of Fortune," published by Messrs. Hutchinson in the autumn of the same year. Raoul was a picturesque swashbuckler, who swashed his bucklers, as Mr. Lucas would say, in the time of the Netherlands rebellion. He is quite a disturbing and restless person, whose mission in life consists in carrying through with an air and swagger unsurpassed by any other adventurer in fiction such hazardous enterprises as his kind delights in. His early training may have had something to with all this. His first memory is of the sight of his father, lying dead and mutilated in the gutter at the sack of St. Quintin. His mother he never heard of. The preceptor of his youth is one Taddeo, a scoundrel and bully serving under Alva. Eventually the reader is pleased to learn that Raoul de Tout le Monde marries and settles down as a peaceable squire of Devon.

It is probable that many who read this article have noticed the series of episodes entitled "The God of Clay" that have been appearing in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. As studies of Napoleon's character, they throw new and not uninteresting lights on certain sides of his personality, although the accuracy of the facts, as described by Mr. Bailey, is not vouched for. This series will appear in book form very shortly. Mr. Bailey has another somewhat similar series in hand for the same journal. These sketches, to be called "The Pageant of England," start in May, and will deal with "Julius Cæsar," "Alfred the Great," "William the Conqueror," and so forth.

No one will be surprised to learn that Mr. Bailey has in preparation a romance of the Civil War. He will hardly be breaking virgin ground, but can be trusted to give us something original, and something admirable. He has a chance of distinguishing himself greatly, and we hope and trust that he will take advantage of it. We look forward to its advent with some eagerness.

Mr. Bailey does not imagine that any particular man of letters or school of writing had any formative influence to speak of on the growth of his own talent. Between boyhood and manhood, the age of deep and lasting impressions, he does indeed imagine that Browning and Henley, both of whom he loved and still loves, had a perceptible effect upon him. As for contemporary literature, busy as he is, he confesses that he has little time to study it, and less inclination. I am of opinion that herein Mr. Bailey misses quite a lot that it might profit him to notice, though it is naturally a self-evident truth that criticism and original work can hardly ever be satisfactorily accomplished together. The admission that he has no appreciation for the very present merits of a writer such as Mr. Arthur Machen is really nothing beyond a sign of the healthiness of Mr. Bailey's general outlook. And healthiness, in so rich and prodigal an imagination, is more of a blessing than a curse.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

March 1 to April 1, 1908.

Mr. George Allen.

BOURDILLON, F. W.—Preludes and Romances. 3s. 6d. net.
CARPENTER, E.—Sketches from Life in Town and Country, and some Verse. 5s. net.
ELGEE, P. C.—The Case against Socialism. 5s. net.
SNELL, F. J.—The Devil of Dulverton. 6s.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

ABBOTT, J. H. M.—Letters from Queer Street. 6s.
BESANT, SIR WALTER.—Early London. 30s. net.
DRIESCH, DR. HANS.—The Science and Philosophy of the Organism. 10s. 6d. net.
DUCKWORTH, FRANCIS.—The Cotswolds. 24 illustrations in colour by G. F. Nicholls. 6s. net.
GRAHAM, HENRY GREY.—Literary and Historical Essays. 5s. net.
HUFTON-WINDUST, FLORENCE.—Home Nursing and Hygiene. 1s. net.
KEITH, GEORGE, M.B.,F.R.C.S., and SKENE KEITH, M.B., C.M.—Cancer: Relief of Pain and Possible Cure. 2s. 6d. net.
KIDD, DUDLEY.—Kafir Socialism and the Dawn of Individualism. 7s. 6d. net.
MONCRIEFF, A. R. HOPE.—Kew Gardens. 24 illustrations in colour by T. Mower Martin, R.C.A. 6s. net.
MONCRIEFF, A. R. HOPE.—The Peak Country. 24 illustrations in colour, by W. Biscombe Gardner. 6s. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

ANDOM, R.—The Enchanted Ship. Illustrated. 3s. 6d.
BRYANT, ERNEST A.—New Self-Help. 16 full-page plates. 5s.
COOKE, W. BOURNE.—Her Faithful Knight. 6s.
FARRAR, DEAN, D.D.—Life of Lives. (Popular Edition.) 3s. 6d.
HASLUCK, PAUL N.—Woodcarving. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.
LE BLANC, MAURICE.—The Seven of Hearts. With 4 illustrations by C. Cuneo. 6s.
MARCHMONT, A. W.—Millionaire Girl. 6s.
MEADE, L. T.—Betty of the Rectory. 6s.
PAYEN-PAYNE, DE V.—Pocket French Dictionary. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net.
TYNAN, KATHERINE.—Mary Gray. With 4 plates by C. H. Taffs. 6s.
People's Library. 15 vols. 8d. net and 1s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

COOPER, EDWARD H.—The Marquis and Pamela. 6s.
DONOVAN, DICK.—Who Poisoned Hetty Duncan? (Library Edition.) 3s. 6d.
DONOVAN, DICK.—Tracked and Taken. (Library Edition.) 3s. 6d.
POTTS, HENRY.—His Final Flutter. 6s.
SWINBURNE, ALGERNON C.—The Duke of Gandia. 5s.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

BAUSOR, H. W., M.A.—Elementary Science: Section A, Chemistry.
GOGGIN, S. E., B.A. Lond. (Ed. by).—Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." 2s.
SATTERLY, JOHN, B.Sc.—Elementary Science: Section B, Physics.
WORKMAN, W. P., M.A., B.Sc., and A. G. CRACKNELL, M.A., B.Sc.—Geometry, Theoretical and Practical. Part II. 2s.

Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd.

AYSCOUGH, JOHN.—Marotz. 6s.
GOODCHILD, W.—Precious Stones. 6s. net.
HERKOMER, SIR HUBERT.—My School and My Gospel. 21s. net.
LUCAS, ST. JOHN.—New Poems. 5s. net.
STRATTON, A. W.—Letters from India. 10s. 6d. net.
SWYNNERTON, REV. CHARLES.—Romantic Tales from Panjab. 6s. net.
WELLS, H. G.—New Worlds for Old. 6s.
WORKMAN, F. B. and W. H.—Icebound Heights of the Mustagh. 21s. net.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

CRUTTWELL, MAUD.—A Guide to the Paintings in the Churches and Minor Museums of Florence. 3s. 6d. net.
NOYES, ELLA.—Milan. (Mediæval Towns Series.) 4s. 6d. net.
SECCHETTI, Tales from. Translated by Mary G. Steegmann.

Messrs. Duckworth & Co.

CAROTTO, GIULIO.—A History of Art. Vol. I. 500 illustrations. (To be complete in 4 vols.) 5s. net.
COLE, SOPHIE.—Rachel Chalfont. 6s.
VAUGHAN, OWEN (Owen Rhoscomyl).—Isle Raven: A Romance. 6s.

Messrs. Ginn & Co.

KNIGHT, PROF. WILLIAM.—Letters of the Wordsworth Family. 3 vols. 31s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Greening & Co.

AITKEN, ROBERT.—The Golden Horseshoe. 6s.
BLACK, E.—Brendavale. 6s.
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—The Cardinal and Lady Susan. 6s.
DE MUSSET, ALFRED.—A Modern Man's Confessions. (Lotus Library.) 1s. 6d. net cloth; 2s. net leather.
FORBES, THE HON. MRS. WALTER.—Leroux. 6s.
GORDON, SAMUEL.—The New Galatea. 6s.
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YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

MARCH, 1908.

THE READER.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD: Dickens's Half-told Tale.

By B. W. Matz, *Editor of "The Dickensian."*

I.

The Book.

WHEN Dickens towards the end of 1868 set out to plan his new story, which also proved to be his last, it is obvious that he intended to show his numerous critics that he was capable of doing what many thought he had no genius for doing, namely, to weave a good story, an intricate plot. He had already suggested in "Our Mutual Friend," "Great Expectations," and "A Tale of Two Cities," that in spite of the fact that in the majority of his previous books he had depended upon characterisation, upon humour, upon sentiment, upon his great appeal to all human feelings, and chose these means of obtaining and retaining his hold upon his public, he could, if he cared to try, add to all these accomplishments that of an ingenious story-teller. And so we find in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" that his faith in his own powers was not misplaced, but that he could actually rival upon their own field those writers of whom Wilkie Collins perhaps was the head.

Unhappily he was unable to complete his task, death intervening when but half of it was accomplished. What his intentions were regarding the unwritten half, no one knows, no one ever will know, for contrary to his usual custom he took none of his friends or relatives into his confidence concerning them. He even told his biographer that the idea for the story was "not a communicable" one or "the interest of the book would be gone."

We do not propose to offer here any opinion as to how the plot was to be worked out, beyond expressing the belief that Edwin Drood was actually murdered by his uncle. Several literary Sherlock Holmeses have been at work on the theme for many years past, and the results of their labours are available for all to study, and are reviewed briefly in the second part of this article. We do not even propose to outline the story so far as it goes. The main lines of the tale must be familiar to all who are interested in the subject. We wish simply to deal with it on its merits as revealing the many-sided genius of its author.

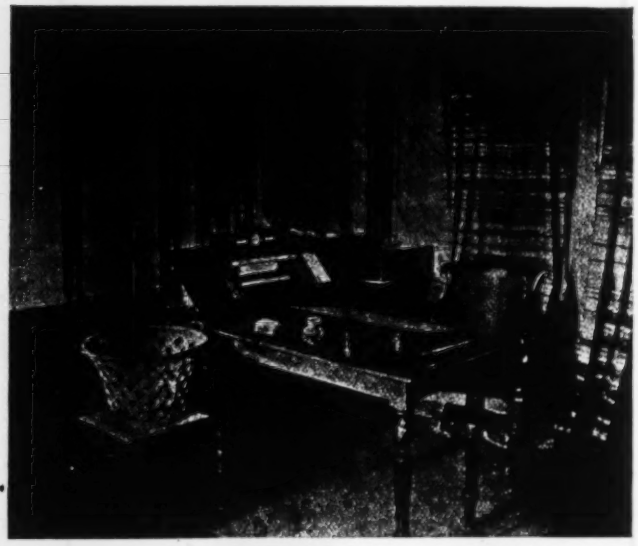
To the present writer it is one of the most fascinating of the novelist's books. It possesses traces of his genius on every page. Instead of exhibiting indications of a declining power, as it might well have done considering the abnormal amount of work he put forth, it showed him to be still in possession of all the attributes which had carried him to the top of the literary ladder—attributes still as bright and yielding as in the past—but applied to yet another scheme, as fascinating in interest as any which had gone before.

Although one starts to read the book in the full knowledge that only half of the story will be reached, there is never a moment when the reader feels it useless to continue. There is disappointment at the end, of course, but never the slightest feeling of regret, or suggestion even that it has all been for nothing. Therein we have the confession of the greatness of the book, and there are few uncompleted tales of distinguished novelists of which the same can be said. Many persons abstain from reading it because it is incomplete. This may be a good reason, generally speaking. But so far as this book is concerned it is a great mistake, for it holds the reader from first to last simply by its sheer merits and undoubted interest.

We know that critics differ as to the value of the book as a part of the scheme of Dickens's work. It would be curious were it otherwise. Longfellow said that it "was certainly one of his most beautiful works, if not the most beautiful of all," and we have recently heard a similar opinion expressed by one whose estimate of the value of Dickens's books is always so sound. Those who take a contrary view have allowed their minds to be stultified in this respect by fixing it on the "Mystery" only. Judged apart from the story, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" will bear comparison with any of the novelist's books, and it will be found often to surpass some from many points of view. But judged in conjunction with the elaborately conceived story, it can easily be seen to be Dickens's best and his most workmanlike novel in the making.

The scene is laid in Rochester (called Cloisterham in the book), and the minute details of the ancient city which Dickens sketches into his picture make it almost photographic in its accuracy. His descriptive powers are as keen as ever, and his pictures are studded everywhere with those felicitous fancies which give those illuminating touches that impress actuality on the mind.

The Châlet, Gad's Hill.
(By kind permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall.)



Dickens's Room in the Châlet, where "Edwin Drood" was written.

(By kind permission of the Editor of the *Dickensian*.)

Of the story we have hinted sufficiently that it is well constructed, and worked out with the utmost skill. So intricate, indeed, are its plots and counter-plots, so baffled is the reader regarding the details, and so difficult is it to discover the "tracks," it is beside the mark to say of it that Dickens triumphed where it was thought he was little able to succeed.

Dickens's wonderful genius for creating original and convincing characters is displayed in almost every personage in the book. There is scarcely a failure in this respect. Every character is clear-cut, distinctive, and living. The exceptions may be Edwin Drood and Rosa Bud. And the worst to be said of them is that they are typical of Dickens's young men and women, colourless at times, but, as in the case of Rosa, charming in her simple and honest womanhood and evidently to be developed on a higher plane than usual. Of the clergymen, we have in Crisparkle a straightforward, manly parson, a fine fellow who acts the part of a gentleman in the face of a difficult position; whilst Mr. Honeythunder is merely a parson in name, and not even honest at heart—a humbug as Stiggins was, but in a different manner, although none the less so. Old Grewgious the lawyer is a masterpiece; unlike any other lawyer in Dickens, but delightful and as real as any, clear-cut as a diamond and quite as "angular." We see little of Bazzard, his clerk, but no doubt he was to be developed. However, what we have is good and reminiscent of the author's old days amongst the confraternity. It has been suggested that Sapsea, the Mayor and auctioneer, is a caricature. That may be so, but he, nevertheless, has many characteristics of a provincial big "gun," who is also a hypocrite and a humbug. Tartar, who undoubtedly, as Forster records, was to marry Rosa, has not been made sufficiently known to us, but the little we know of him stamps him on our mind indelibly.

Of the women characters apart from Rosa we have in Mrs. Crisparkle a quite charming old lady, whose certain peculiarities give just those touches which round off her character. Miss Twinkleton is quite in the picture, whilst her assistant Mrs. Tisher, Mrs. Tope, and Mrs. Billickin give Dickens opportunities in character portraiture which he delights and always succeeds in. Mrs. Billickin is almost a chip off the Mrs. Gamp block, and in the opium-woman is a grim instance of Dickens's earnestness and faithfulness in details.

In Neville Landless and his sister Helena we have a divergence from the usual Dickens type. They have foreign blood in their veins, are imbued with foreign temperaments, and stand apart from all the rest a little out of the Dickens groove; but they are human beings to the core, and of a nature compelling a belief in the big part they both were to play in the drama.

There remain Durdles, the Deputy, and Jasper, three upon whom the unravelling of the mystery depended. Durdles is an inimitable piece of Dickens, fitting perfectly into his place, as immortal as Sam Weller himself, whilst Deputy is another of the novelist's boys in which he seemed so to delight.

But in presenting Jasper, Dickens set out, undoubtedly, to limn a psychological study of a murderer. He did it before in more than one instance, but particularly in the character of Julius Slinkton in "Hunted Down."

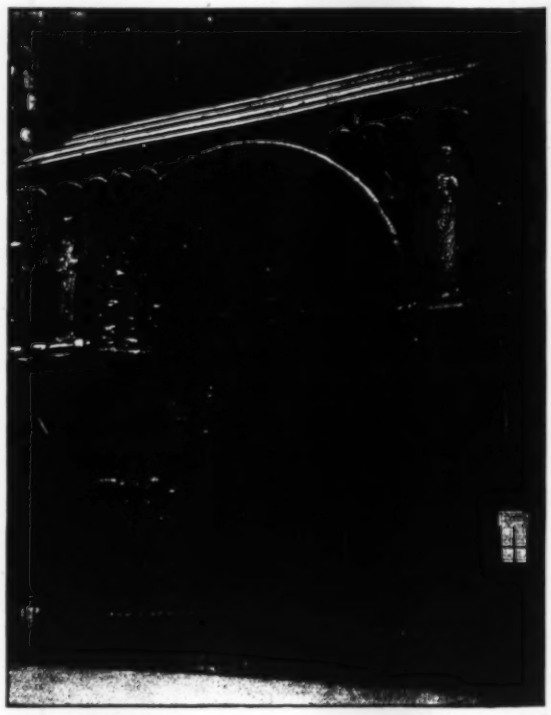


Photo by Walter Dexter.

The Western Door of Rochester Cathedral

"'Dear me,' said Mr. Grewgious, peeping in, 'it's like looking down the throat of old Time.'"

But never in all his writings has he probed the mind of a murderer, a criminal at heart, as he has done in this case. Jasper is a villain, a criminal villain, clever and double-faced as possible, and in him we have a wonderful study of the demeanour of a murderer who has not yet been found out. The workings of his mind, his cunning and his schemes to evade detection both in the minds of the persons of the drama and of the readers, is ingenious to a degree and justified the title of the story. He is one of the greatest characters from the point of view of sheer genius Dickens has given us. And we get in the enactment and result of his crime a grim tragedy which shall baffle all to the end of time.

In the mere writing of the book Dickens showed an improvement rather than otherwise. His command of his medium is unfaltering. Essentially a tragedy, a story of love and revenge, the novel displays abundance of comedy and that quaint humour we expect and always get from everything Dickens wrote, and he never missed making delightful, whimsical capital, out of everything and anything lending itself to his unique sense of the humorous. His fancy is as light and breezy as ever when he gets away from the grim episodes. Take the interview with Grewgious and Rosa, towards the end of the book, at Staple Inn. It is delightfully fresh and pure comedy. Take also Tartar's idea of brightening Neville's quarters with a garden made portable by means of pulleys and other nautical means. It is wholesome humour and

Part I.] OCTOBER, 1871. [Price 1s.
JOHN JASPER'S SECRET
EDWIN DROOD
A SEQUEL TO
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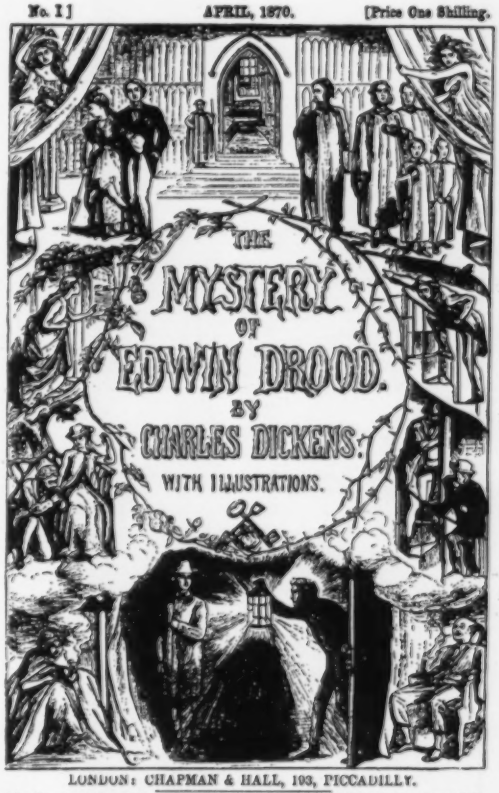
No. I.] APRIL, 1870. [Price One Shilling.
THE
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OF
EDWIN DROOD.
BY
CHARLES DICKENS.
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.
LONDON: CHAPMAN & HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
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fancy. The book is full of such instances of Dickens's bright and lightest vein, yet its paramount theme is tragedy.

II.

ATTEMPTS TO COMPLETE IT AND SOLVE THE MYSTERY.

The last paragraph Dickens wrote on that day he met with his fatal seizure ends the book so far as he is concerned. What was in his mind regarding the trend of the story, how he was intending to gather up the intricate threads and straighten them out to make an accordant and natural whole, no one will ever know. As we have said, unlike his custom in relation to his other books, he kept the secret and plan of the story to himself, and did not even note down on paper his intentions. It was hoped that in going through his papers, in preparing his biography, some rough outline of his scheme might be found. But, excepting a stray chapter entitled, "How Mr. Sapsea ceased to be a member of the eight club," which does not actually touch upon the story at all, absolutely nothing was discovered.

However, rumour was soon rife that the book was to be completed by another hand, and that hand Wilkie Collins's. And it is common belief to-day that the author of "A Woman in White" did write a completion and published it. But rumour was false, as Dickens's publishers found it necessary to point out

On Dangerous Ground.

(One of Sir Luke Fildes's illustrations to "Edwin Drood." By permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall.)

in a letter to *The Times*. In spite of this, however, it was continually stated in print that Wilkie Collins had finished the book, so he, too, had to publicly deny it again in 1878. "I was asked to finish the story, but absolutely refused," he said.

Yet in spite of these categorical denials there was a book published in America years ago, and still current there, entitled "John Jasper's Secret: sequel to Charles Dickens's 'Mystery of Edwin Drood,'" professing on its title-page to be "by Charles Dickens the Younger and Wilkie Collins." The back of the cover to-day has "Wilkie Collins" only as author, and an embossed portrait of him centred in a decorative design. Whether the present publishers of the book are cognisant of the fraud they are playing on the public I am not prepared to say. Let us hope not. But the fact is, neither of these authors had any hand whatever in the "sequel." The real authors of the book were an American journalist named Henry Morford and his wife, who came to England for the avowed object of gathering materials and local colour for their task.

Having completed it to their own satisfaction, they published it anonymously in *Frank Leslie's Newspaper* in their own country, and in a weekly publication entitled *The Chimney Corner* in England. It was afterwards issued in parts, closely following the format of "Edwin Drood," with wood-cuts imitating Sir Luke Fildes's style and a pictorial wrapper after the manner of Collins's cover to the original. It had a certain success in this form, and as a matter of fact a set of the parts is far more valuable to-day than a set of the "Drood" parts.

In the preface to the published book, the authors (who it must be remembered are stated to be Wilkie Collins and Charles Dickens the Younger) state that, although no written data or records were discovered, Dickens "had not been entirely reticent as to the scope of that work; and hints had been supplied by him, unwittingly, for a much closer estimate of the bearings of those portions remaining unwritten than he could probably have believed in life. All these, with many more particulars, laboriously but lovingly procured, have fallen into the hands of the writers of this concluding story, who believe that they are conveying a benefit as well as a pleasure to the world in setting at rest the thousands of speculations to which the non-explanation of the 'Mystery' has given rise," and further confess that they have carried out what they have "fully traced and identified as the intention of the writer."

Now, as a matter of fact, it has recently transpired that Dickens did reveal one important secret to his son Charles, and that was that "Drood was murdered by Jasper." With this piece of knowledge Charles Dickens the Younger dramatised the story with Joseph Hatton, but for some reason it was never played. Within the last few months this play has been brought to light and is, I believe, appearing in America as a serial, and may perhaps some day see the light in England. Yet in "John Jasper's Secret" Drood is *not* killed, and appears on the scene again. So that fact disposes of any idea that the Younger Charles had any part in the book, which together with Wilkie Collins's denial makes the title-page somewhat impudent.

In this sequel Jasper thinks he has strangled Drood and puts the body in a crevice of the Cathedral. It is discovered in time by Durdles, and Drood tells his tale to Bazzard, who assumes the part of

Datchery in order to trap down Jasper, who ultimately dies of an overdose of opium in Princess Puffer's den. Rosa marries Tartar, Helena accepts Drood, and Neville Landless joins the Church. Throughout the book new characters are introduced with names not altogether Dickensian, in places the style of narration is rather American, and occasionally names are spelt wrongly, such as Mrs. Fisher for Mrs. Tisher.

I have dwelt at some length upon this book because it is the best known, and consequently most often alluded to. It has, too, a certain amount of peculiar interest, and is undoubtedly a serious attempt at a conscientious completion. But perhaps the best attempt at completing the story from an English point of view is Gillan Vase's "The Great Mystery Solved: a sequel to 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood,'" which was published in the then fashionable three volumes in 1878. "Gillan Vase" was a lady who had already some reputation in England as a novelist, and her story was not altogether of the amateur brand. She has aimed at retaining Dickens's style of narration, and if she fails somewhat it is not to be wondered at. She unravels some of the knotty points cleverly and gathers up her threads at the end with ingenuity. She shows knowledge of Rochester and of London, and adheres to details with much skill. But she, too, assumes Drood to be alive and allows him to take Bazzard's place as Grewgious's clerk disguised, and indicates that he prefers to be considered dead than to bring Jasper, his uncle, to justice. Jasper is permitted to kill himself in jail, and the mysterious Mr. Datchery is no other than a common detective. Neville dies, Helena becomes Mrs. Crisparkle, and Rosa eventually accepts Drood after his long absence in Egypt.

Prior to these two books came the first attempt at a solution in America, entitled "The Cloven Foot," which offered itself as "an adaptation of the English novel to American scenes, characters, customs, and nomenclature." It was simply burlesque, but forged its way into England and was issued as a small book, revised and altered, with a new title, "The Mystery of Mr. E. Drood."

The author was "Orpheus C. Kerr," whose real name was R. H. Newell. It cannot be considered in a serious light, but it possesses some humour and wit, and works out a conclusion of a kind round a definitely laid plan. The American paraphrasing of the original is distinctly clever at times.

The most extraordinary "completion" of all is the one avowed to be by Dickens's spirit through a medium published in Brattleboro, Vermont, U.S.A. The medium's name was T. P. James, and it appears he published parts of his transcription from time to time in the newspapers, bringing down upon his head scorn and derision. This did not deter him from publishing the whole story complete when finished in 1873. The book has a dedication and a preface from Dickens's spirit, both of which are so absurd it would be futile to quote from them. The "medium" also supplies a preface equally stupid. As a matter of fact, Dickens did not believe in spiritualism on earth, even if he altered his mind in that other place, as his preface suggests. The recently discovered articles of his in *Household Words* include two or three in which he does not hesitate to say what his opinion is on the subject, and laughs the idea of mediums, visitations

Mr. Grewgious experiences a New Sensation.

(One of Sir Luke Fildes's illustrations to "Edwin Drood." By permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall.)

From "John Jasper's Secret," an anonymous sequel to "Edwin Drood."

Mr. Honeythunder as an Avenger.

and the rest to scorn. Apart from this, however, the book cannot be treated seriously. It is ungrammatical, badly written, and as Mr. Sapsea would say, "un-English." It is a curiosity, that is all, and the man who perpetrated it did not know the locality it had for a setting, and hardly mastered the details of the unfinished novel. Drood lives through it all, poor man! and marries Rosa in the end. Helena and Crisparkle become man and wife, whilst Datchery is identified as Princess Puffer's son.

These are all the so-called "conclusions" to Dickens's wonderful tale I know of, unless the story by Mrs. C. A. Read called "The Welfleet Mystery," which was avowedly the outgrowth of Dickens's book, be included. In it the names of the characters were altered, the scene was altered, and a rough idea only of the plot retained.

But there have been numerous attempts at a solution of the mystery by examination, study, and inference in magazines and in small volumes. These form, perhaps, the most interesting reading, because one has not to wade through pages and pages of so-called imitation of Dickens. In these you simply have the writers' ideas regarding their own theories argued according to their light in their own way. The magazine articles need not be dealt with here, as space forbids.

Of the books the first was R. A. Procter's "Watched by the Dead: A Loving Study of Dickens's Half-told Tale," in which he argues, and argues forcibly, the theory that Drood was not killed, but escaped, and, as Datchery, watched Jasper until a dramatic opportunity offered itself to bring home his attempted crime. But this theory, ably as it is advocated, has been exploded by more recent students. Although Procter's book held the field for years as the solution to the mystery, three others in the course of a few months have tumbled over each other; undoubtedly the cleverest and most minutely reasoned is Mr. J. Cuming Walters's "Clues to Dickens's 'Mystery of Edwin Drood,'" which created so much discussion and argument in the columns of the press at the time of its publication in 1905. Mr. Walters was the first real advocate for the theory that Drood was murdered by his uncle. Otherwise, he says in effect, the book as a story was poor and third-rate. I believe, too, that this is the theory that all good Dickensians now hold. The other point which Mr. Walters makes is *the* other one which baffles everybody, and the one in solving which different results are offered. That is "Who was Mr. Datchery?" He holds a brief for Helena Landless, which seems convincing enough whilst he is advocating it, but has been very vigorously contested. Mr. Andrew Lang, in "The Puzzle of Dickens's Last Plot," reverts to Procter's view regarding Drood with some new considerations concerning other points.

The latest book on the subject is "Keys to the Drood Mystery," by Edwin Charles, wherein the author agrees with Mr. Walters as regards Drood, but not as regards Datchery. He takes the view of Mr. Willoughby Matchett, who, in a really admirable piece of argument in the January *Dickensian*, makes out a case for Bazzard.

There remain only the plays. One I have referred to already—written by Dickens's eldest son. In 1870, soon after the book was published, Mr. Walter Stephens produced a drama at the Surrey Theatre with the same title as the book. Here Drood is killed and Datchery is Landless, and there was another produced at an outlying theatre about the same time. Mr. Comyns Carr's version I need not enlarge upon here. The idea of Jasper dreaming only that he killed Drood and confessing to having done it actually, and the

poor last act in the jail where he joins Rosa's and Edwin's hands and then dies, have proved to be too poor a solution even in the light of Mr. Tree's wonderful acting.

III.

ITS TOPOGRAPHY.

Nearly all the chief scenes of "Edwin Drood" are laid in the city of Rochester. "For sufficient reasons which the narrative will itself unfold as it advances," says Dickens, "a fictitious name must be bestowed upon the old Cathedral town. Let it stand in these pages as Cloisterham."

If Dickens really intended to disguise the place, he failed conspicuously, for the minute details of description, the wonderful word-pictures of the place, and his delightful presentment of its quiet, subdued, and old-world air, proclaimed it to all the world as Rochester. It had been his favourite place all his life, and he had introduced it into several of his stories by its actual name and in others by giving it a pseudonym. It was prominent in his first real book, "The Pickwick Papers," and in this, his last, he stamped it with such reality and importance as to make it as eminent a city for the Dickens pilgrim as Stratford-on-Avon is for the Shakespearean.

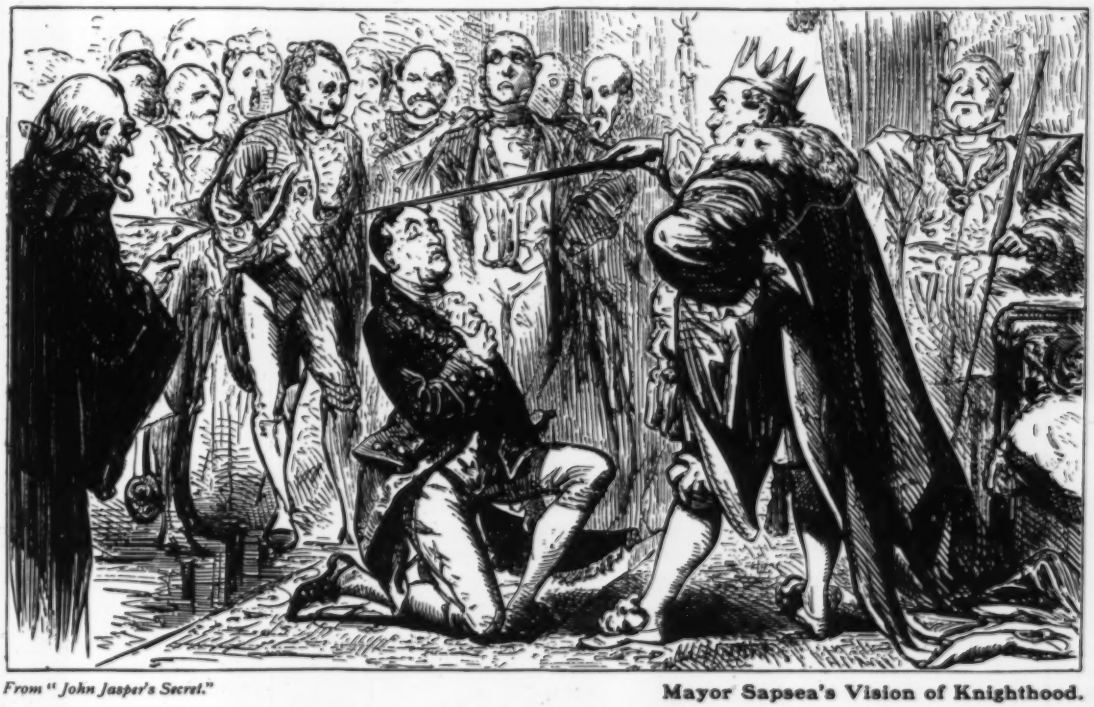
The Cathedral plays as important a part in the story as does Jasper himself, and early in the book it and all that surrounds it are so accurately described that one retains the picture throughout. It was in the precincts that the tragedy of the book was enacted.

John Jasper was the lay precentor and he lived in "an old stone gatehouse crossing the Close, with an arched thoroughfare passing beneath it." Historically this is known as College Yard Gate, but to-day you are more likely to be accurately directed to it if you inquire for John Jasper's Gatehouse.

Round in "a quiet place in the shadow of the Cathedral" is Minor Canon Row, or Corner as Dickens described it, "which the cawing of rooks, the echoing footsteps of rare passers, the sound of the Cathedral bell, or the roll of the Cathedral organ, seemed to render more quiet than absolute silence." Here lived the Rev. Septimus Crisparkle and his mother, the "divine shepherdess," in whose rooms that scene depicted by Sir Luke Fildes in the book, with Jasper at the piano, took place. The houses "had odd little porches over the doors, like sounding-boards over old pulpits" in those days, and they are still there to remind one of "Mr. Sept." and his ma.

The wonderful old Cathedral has its attractions for everybody, and even angular old Grewgious gave vent to a remark which certainly was not angular when looking through the west door. "Dear me," he said, "it is like looking down the throat of old Time." On a now famous occasion Durdles and Jasper descend the rugged steps which lead down into the crpyt. As they enter, the moonlight casts black shadows from the heavy pillars which support the roof. But between them there are lanes of light, up and down which "they walk, Durdles discoursing of the 'old uns' he yet counts on disinterring," before going on that memorable climb into the tower.

"In the midst of Cloisterham stands the Nuns' House. . . . The house-front is so old and worn, and the brass plate is so shining and staring, that the general result has reminded imaginative strangers of a battered old beau with a large modern eye-glass stuck in his blind eye." The brass plate referred to



From "John Jasper's Secret."

Mayor Sapsea's Vision of Knighthood.

Photo by Walter Dexter.

A Corner of Staple Inn, Holborn.

"Where the sparrows play at country."

bore the legend, "Seminary for young ladies—Miss Twinkleton."

Here Rosa Bud was a boarder, and in the garden by the sundial the famous interview with Jasper occurred, and the building is depicted in Sir Luke Fildes's "Good-bye, Rosebud darling." Eastgate House, as it is called, was acquired in 1897 as a Diamond Jubilee Memorial of the reign of Queen Victoria, and is now the city museum, with a room set apart for, and well filled with, Dickens relics.

In the High Street, Mr. Sapsea, Mayor and "jackass," had his business premises. They were "over against the Nuns' House," we are told, and undoubtedly the ancient three-gabled house opposite was the home of the auctioneer, over which was at one time a carved wooden figure of his father in his rostrum as an auctioneer, with hammer posed in hand, and a countenance expressive of "Going—Going—Gone!" so amusingly referred to by Dickens. The "Travellers' Twopenny," where the Deputy lodged, is now a thing of the past. It is one of the few, if not the only one, of Drood landmarks that have disappeared.

Opposite the Restoration House (the Satis House of "Great Expectations") are the prettily laid-out gardens known as "The Vines." Dickens was seen contemplating the scene on the day before his death, and it was in these grounds that the interviews that both Drood and Datchery had with the Princess Puffer took place.

The last time that Rosa and Edwin met was on the Esplanade under the Castle walls by the river's side. Here they walked side by side, the best of friends,

Photo by T. W. Tyrrell.

Mr. Grewgious's Chambers, Staple Inn.

"A corner house in the little hidden quadrangle, presenting in black and white over its ugly portal the mysterious inscription, J P T 1747."—*Edwin Drood.*

making their plans of remaining as brother and sister merely and not as lovers.

Dickens describes Rochester as an ancient and drowsy city, and the streets so silent that the sun-blinds of its shops scarce dare to flap in the south wind. These streets "are little more than one narrow street by which you get into it and get out of it." This refers, of course, to the High Street over which looks John Jasper's Gatehouse.

There are not many places in London which can be identified with the story. The opium den, no doubt, was an imaginary picture, as was Mrs. Billickin's lodging-house in Bloomsbury. But not so Mr. Grewgious's chambers. "Behind the most ancient part of Holborn, London, where certain gabled houses some centuries of age still stand looking on the public way, as if disconsolately looking for the Old Bourne that has long run dry, is a little nook composed of two irregular quadrangles, called Staple Inn. It is one of those nooks, the turning into which out of the clashing street, imparts to the relieved pedestrian the sensation of having put cotton in his ears, and velvet soles to his feet. It is one of those nooks, where a few smoky sparrows twitter in smoky trees, as though they call to one another, 'Let us play at country,' and where a few feet of garden mould and a few yards of gravel enable them to do that refreshing violence to their tiny understandings."

All this would apply to it to-day, as would Dickens's description of Mr. Grewgious's chambers in "a corner house in the little hidden quadrangle, presenting in black and white over its ugly portal the mysterious inscription—

P
J T
1747

. . . that haply have might been, Perhaps John Thomas or Perhaps Joe Tyler."

Here Edwin Drood and Grewgious and Bazzard dined together, the dinner having been brought in by the "immovable waiter and the flying waiter" from Wood's Hotel in Furnival's Inn, and it was there, too, Rosa appeared after her flight from Cloisterham, and as she stood on P. J. T.'s doorsteps wondered "what P. J. T. had done with his street door." Rosa was settled in the prettiest chamber in the hotel in Furnival's Inn, which has disappeared. But P. J. T.'s and Staple Inn will, we trust and hope, remain for all time, not only to remind us of one of Dickens's finest books, but because it is one of those delightful spots the ordinary traveller never expects to find in the heart of this rushing, noisy, smoky city of ours.

FRENCH VIEWS.

By ARTHUR RANSOME.

"AH, one does not find many such stylists as Edgar Poe."

A French novelist of the school of Flaubert and de Maupassant was sitting with me in one of the little cafés of Montmartre. The walls were covered with brown woodwork, and hung with caricatures. There was a bar with bottles on it whose metallic-coloured stoppers glittered in the light, and behind the bar was a pleasant aproned Frenchwoman, with whom we had shaken hands as we came in. The waiter had poured our coffee into little cups on a table in the corner, and we had sat down to talk of books. And then the novelist had brought out that astounding sentence, as impossible in England as the cabaret at whose wine-stained, coffee-browned tables men write or draw or argue with their friends. We admire Poe in England as a marvellous constructor, but not as a stylist in the Frenchman's sense, not as a chooser of words.

"How have you read him?"

"In Baudelaire's translation."

"I believe you." I remembered that Pater had said he could not read Poe in the original, while he enjoyed him in the French.

Presently, talking still of the short story in the nineteenth century, I happened to admire the concise simplicity of Merimée. He was horrified, shocked, this worshipper of Flaubert and the chosen word. "Merimée, Merimée—he writes like a newspaper man; he does not write at all——" and suddenly he shot my own question at me:

"How have you read him?"

I had, oddly enough, only read him in English.

We looked at each other across the café table and simultaneously realised the idea—perhaps those authors appear the best stylists in translation who use their own language with least precision. That was our proposition, and we tossed it about between us. A man, so it seemed to us, who has a perfect form and

Photo by Walter Dexter.

Mr. Sapsea's House, High Street, Rochester.

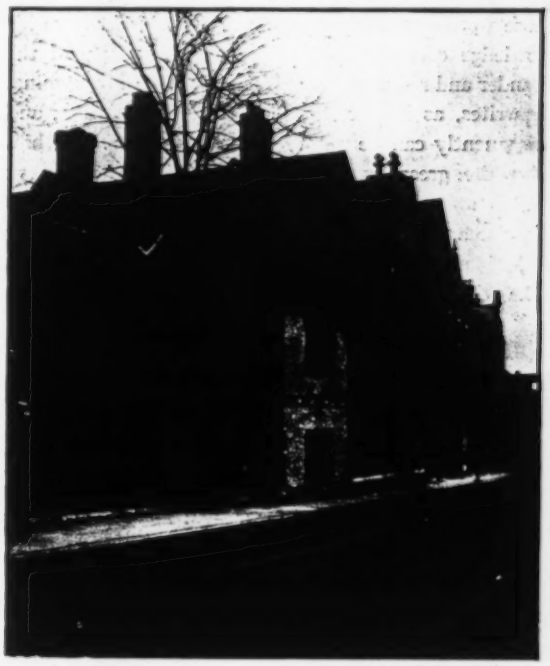


Photo by Walter Dexter.

The Nuns' House, where Rosa Bud was at School.

"The house front is so old and worn, and the brass plate is so shining and staring, that the general result has reminded imaginative strangers of a battered old beau with a large modern eye-glass stuck in his blind eye."
—*Edwin Drood.*

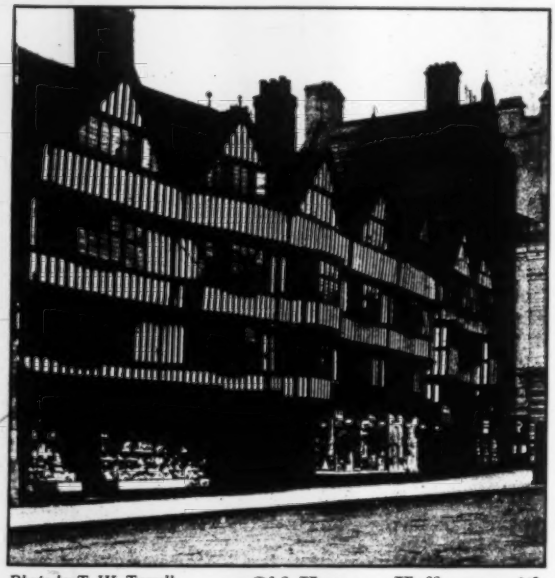
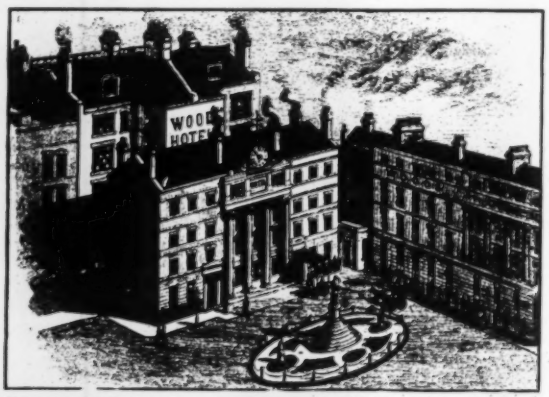


Photo by T. W. Tyrrell. **Old Houses, Holborn, with Entrance to Staple Inn.**

also a perfect style retains the first in translation unless he is wilfully mauled. The second is rendered with a difficulty that increases with its perfection. The writer for whom words are living individual things, the writer who has a loving knowledge of each word that he puts on paper, lets much of his effect depend on the atmosphere of his diction, on the peculiar glint of each morsel of his chosen mosaic. It is almost impossible to supply such a man with words of another tongue that move to the same tune, and lift the same dust of association round the imprints of the meaning. The form only and the cruder colouring will be retained; the gossamer veil of style will be torn to shreds in transmutation. On the other hand, a man whose form is perfect, but whose words are chosen on the run, leaves little to his knowledge of the words, nothing to his sense of the lavender and rosemary where they have been in keeping. He writes, as it were, in plain black and white, and consequently can be reproduced without loss. To him red, white, green, swift mean the same in all languages; just as swift, fast, expeditious, quick, speedy, mean very much the same to him in his own. He has nothing to lose even by a dictionary translation. Indeed, as he will use without shame or distaste stock phrases like "at railway speed," "on eagle's wing," "with seven-leagued boots," "with whip and spur," "by leaps and bounds," which possibly have not familiar equivalents, he will seem to the foreigner to be a very poet with new and startling images coming burning hot from his own brain. He gains to an unlimited extent, exactly as Poe gains in translation by such an artist as Baudelaire, who retained Poe's calculated and perfect form, while substituting his own for Poe's uncalculated and imperfect style.



From an old print. **Wood's Hotel, Furnival's Inn.**
Where Rosa Bud slept when she ran away from Cloisterham to her guardian in Staple Inn.

"Perhaps," said my friend, "if a first-rate book full of Parisian argot were well put into English, we might have to re-translate it as an English classic when we have forgotten the meaning of our own slang."

And I wondered how Mr. Kipling's soldier tales would translate; and whether in twenty years' time, if we cannot read them without a dictionary, we may not be finding it simpler to send for them from Paris, and to enjoy them in classical French. But in those stories the apparently careless language of talk is used for its own sake, with a real gusto for the feeling of its mutilated words, and they would lose in the process, as a workman of Paris, gorgeous all the week in brilliant blouse and baggy violet corduroys, is insignificant in Sunday clothes; and as the chosen diction of Flaubert becomes in translation the loose rags of drapery flapping round a sculptured form.

From a drawing by F. G. Kitton in "A Week's Tramp in Dickens-Land." Lent by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

Mr. Sapsea's Father.
"Over the doorway is a wooden effigy, about half life-size, representing Mr. Sapsea's father, in a curly wig and toga, in the act of selling."—*Edwin Drood.*

But the gift of style that Poe had from Baudelaire is not the only reason why he enjoys a higher appreciation in France than in the Anglo-Saxon countries. His genius holds something that finds a peculiar response in the French character. It is the same with Hoffmann, some of whose tales would almost seem to have been written by a Poe with less rigid ideas as to form. He is treated as a popular writer by Teutonic and Scandinavian critics, whereas in France such a man as Gautier writes of him as of one of the masters of his art. It is an odd coincidence that both Poe and Hoffmann placed their widest known stories in Paris—Hoffmann with "Mdlle. de Scuderi," and Poe with "The Murders in the rue Morgue," "Marie Roget," and "The Purloined Letter." We talked of them both at the café, and the Frenchman added a third name which points towards the reasons of their esteem. He added the name of H. G. Wells. There is scarcely a bookshop in Paris where it is impossible to buy "Les Contes Fantastiques" of Hoffmann, "Les Histoires Extraordinaires" of Poe, and the works of Mr. Wells. There

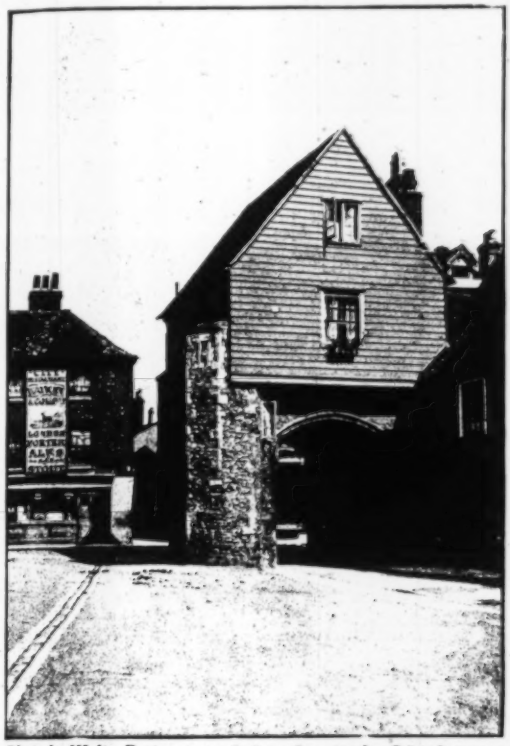


Photo by Walter Dexter. **John Jasper's Gatehouse.**
"An old stone gatehouse crossing the Close, with an arched thoroughfare passing beneath it."—*Edwin Drood.*

Photo by Walter Dexter. **High Street, Rochester.**
"The streets are little more than one narrow street, by which you get into it and out of it."—*Edwin Drood.*

Photo by Walter Dexter. **The River, Rochester.**
By which Edwin Drood walked with Rosa Bud.

From "A Week's Tramp." By permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall. **The Crypt, Rochester Cathedral.**

Photo by T. W. Tyrrell. **"The Vines."**
Where Edwin Drood met the opium-woman.

Photo by T. W. Tyrrell. **Minor Canon Corner.**
"Minor Canon Corner was a quiet place in the shadow of the Cathedral, which the cawing of rooks, the echoing footsteps of rare passers, the sound of the Cathedral bell, or the roll of the Cathedral organ, seemed to render more quiet than absolute silence."—*Edwin Drood.*

Facsimile of the last page of "Edwin Drood.'

are many bookshops in London where the bookseller would be surprised at a demand for at least one of the three.

The Frenchman has a practical clear-cut mind. Even in an extraordinary story he likes to feel logic and science. The reasoned construction of Poe, the scientific basis for fantasy suggested by some of his tales, and perfected by Mr. Wells, the extreme brilliance and clarity of Hoffmann—these are the elements that attract him. He likes daring, when it is sure. The balloons of fancy must have a trailing rope of science, and then he will be happy to soar as high as they. The brighter the sky, the more fantastic the people of the moon, the better, provided all be confidently reasoned from reality. "If you want our view" said the novelist, "look again at Gautier's study on Hoffmann's tales: I saw it on your shelf." The following short passage is a perfect illustration:

"Hoffmann's marvellous is not the marvellous of the fairy stories; he has always one foot in the real world, and one does not meet in his works with many palaces of carbuncles with diamond turrets. The talismans and wands of the Arabian Nights are of no use to him. . . . It is the possible and the plausible of the fantastic."

"The possible and the plausible of the fantastic"; the same might be said of Poe, and the same of Mr. Wells. There is nothing in them that a well-regulated mind might not believe.

The subject, tossed this way and that, kept us a long time over our coffee. When we went out the dusk was falling, and behind the houses was the last dull glow of a great sunset. "I suppose," said the Frenchman ironically, "you would ask Merimée to enshrine that for you."

"Not at all," I replied, "I would do it myself, if I could be sure of Baudelaire to make a translation."

THE FOUNDRESS OF THE RYLANDS LIBRARY.

By William E. A. Axon.

BOOKMEN all over the world have reason to be grateful to Mrs. Enriqueta Rylands, who passed away on February 4.

There are many lovers of literature among women, perhaps more than among men; but for reasons that need not now be discussed, there have been few great book-collectors of the gentler sex, and still fewer who have been the founders of great libraries. There was, therefore, a new departure, at all events so far as this country is concerned, when Mrs. Rylands decided to establish and endow a library as a memorial of her dead husband. John Rylands was one of the merchant princes of Manchester, but his widespread business operations and his immense wealth did not hinder him from taking a keen interest in theology. He printed an index to the Bible and an edition of the Bible to match it, and in conjunction with his wife he compiled a volume of "Hymns of the Church Universal," which was printed for private circulation. Of hymnology he was a devoted student, and I remember well with what pleasure, many years ago, he showed me the collection he had made of these sacred songs, a collection filling thirty-four folio ledgers. They stood on his desk at the warehouse, and they now have a fitting place in the John Rylands Library, the great temple of learning which his widow has dedicated to his memory. Mrs. Rylands, like her husband, was a staunch Nonconformist, and both of them cherished that ideal of a learned ministry and a cultivated laity which is one of the best traditions of English Dissent. When unjust laws debarred the Nonconformists from the national universities, they established academies and colleges of their own. The names of John Gill, of Isaac Watts, of Nathaniel Lardner, of Philip Doddridge, of William Carey, and of a host of others may be cited to show that, amid many difficulties and discouragements, the English Nonconformists made notable contributions to learning and education. Manchester is the centre of a remarkable group of Nonconformist theological colleges—Independent, Baptist, Wesleyan, Primitive Methodist, Methodist Free Church, and Unitarian. It may be that the proximity of these institutions gave to Mrs. Rylands the first thought of rearing a great library to be devoted to the studies that are essential to a learned ministry and an educated laity. These take a much wider sweep than technical theology,

By permission of "The Manchester Guardian." **Statue of Mrs. John Rylands, by J. Cassidy, in the Rylands Library, Manchester.**

and Mrs. Rylands generously interpreted such needs. Aided by expert advice, she gradually brought together a large collection, mainly of modern books. Then came her great opportunity. Lord Spencer desired to sell the Althorp Collection, and it was bought by Mrs. Rylands at a cost of something like a quarter of a million sterling. This purchase raised the proposed library to a higher plane. It became at once a scholar's library —a place to which the pilgrims of learning would come even from the ends of the earth. For the Althorp Collection contained priceless rarities of the early press—the work of Gutenberg and his disciples who spread the magic art of the printer throughout Europe, the beautiful books of Aldus and the men of the Renaissance, and other literary treasures of the most varied kind. For these books Mrs. Rylands provided a building which is one of the glories of her adopted city. It took years to build. There was no hurried work; the graceful imaginings of the architect, Mr. Basil Champneys, were translated into fact with the best of materials and the best of workmanship—"without haste and without rest." The Rylands Library astonishes the beholder by the perfection of detail not less than by the artistic quality of the design. At one end of the main hall is the statue of the captain of industry who by sagacity and enterprise became a millionaire. At the other end is the statue of the foundress—the gentle and yet regal figure of Enriqueta Rylands—a beneficient and yet somewhat aloof figure, finely interpreted by the sculptor.*

The John Rylands Library is a bookman's paradise. Here in one room he has unrestricted access to the most important periodicals dealing with theology, philology, and history, with classical and Oriental learning, with literature and archæology in nearly every language of Europe.

In the Early Printed Book Room there are more than 2,500 volumes which were printed before 1501, and the visitor can trace for himself the triumphal progress of the transforming art of the printer which has been so important a factor in the evolution of modern civilisation. The Aldine Room contains the largest collection of the books printed by that remarkable family. In the Bible Room are to be seen the most remarkable editions of the Scriptures, from that Latin Vulgate completed in 1455 to the English Authorised Version issued from the Doves Press three years ago; and along with these is the Bible that inspired and consoled Elizabeth Fry, and that from which Gladstone's wonderful voice so often read the lessons in the church at Hawarden.

Literature is represented not only by the long line of Greek and Roman classics, but also by a remarkable array of Italian books. Dante students find here five noble manuscripts, and more than five thousand volumes devoted to the "Divina Commedia." It is inspiring to see on one shelf the first four folios of Shakespeare. Here, too, are the first editions of "Paradise Lost" and "Comus," and of "The Pilgrim's Progress." So in geographical literature there are the golden folios of De Bry and Hakluyt. The historian will find here the great collections such as the "Gallia Christiana," the Bollandist "Acta Sanctorum," and our own Rolls series. Again, the history of the Churches is represented with great fulness. The development of the English Reformation, the growth of Puritanism, and the varied fortunes of English Protestantism may be studied here in the original sources. And the later phases of criticism, the results of Oriental research, and all that modern scholarship has done for the elucidation of religious thought, are equally well represented. It would be easy to recall and record the titles of hundreds of important books here ready to the student's hand, and it would be pleasant to testify to the scholarly zeal with which Mr. Henry Guppy, the librarian, and his assistants minister to the instruction of the student. The librarian of old was a man who was a guardian of books; the real librarian of to-day is one who desires the widest diffusion and all that books can give to the earnest seekers.

Mrs. Rylands has founded a great library of Literature, History, and Theology. It is not a mere museum of curiosities, however precious, nor a repository of relics, however sacred, but a place where are gathered together all the material that is needed for serious study, for the diffusion and for the increase of sound learning. And it certainly adds to the pleasure of the reader in the John Rylands Library to know that so many of the books have in the past been handled by great scholars and famous collectors. There are always those who, when they see or hear of a noble foundation, are ready to prove how much better the money for it might have been utilised in another direction. When Mary anointed the feet of Jesus, the foolish disciples were indignant and said, "To what purpose is this waste? For this ointment might have been sold for much and given to the poor." Yet this act of love will be told for a memorial of her to the end of days. There are Philistines everywhere—some even in Manchester—who can always see the value of an Almshouse and sometimes of a School, but whose limited vision fails to understand a Library. Mrs. Rylands had a wider outlook. The John Rylands Library and its endowment in her lifetime represent an investment of perhaps a million of money. By her will it receives a further benefaction of £200,000. The yearly income of the Library will be over £13,000. Other causes are not neglected in her last testament. Medical charities, churches, colleges, university, schools (from the ragged school upward), will receive benefactions from the gentle hand that is now stilled for ever. But wide and generous as were her gifts, the object next to her heart was the John Rylands Library, and bookmen everywhere will rejoice that this was so. For in an age when the pressure is to things material, and too often to things sordid, a testimony is needed that it is the things of the spirit that really count. The man with the muck-rake in Bunyan's allegory is the type of those who look ever on the ground,

* Both the statues are the work of Mr. John Cassidy, a Manchester sculptor of great talent.

searching out the mean and perishable, and refusing to lift up their heads and to turn their eyes to the Vision Beautiful. They prefer the starving of their souls to the splendour of righteousness. Such a witness to the things of the spirit is this foundation, the pious monument reared by a woman's hand to the memory of her dead husband. It stands in the very midst of work-a-day Manchester, where the streets are full of busy traffic, where the great city is stretching forth its hands filled with the products of its industry, stretching them forth to the very ends of the earth. It stands there, a home built by industry and wealth for the promotion of learning and literature. "A dream in stone," its function is to teach that the ideal is greater than the real; that man cannot live by bread alone; and that the skill of Manchester's myriad workers, and the riches that their labour brings, are vain and sordid unless inspired by lofty ideals, making men realise that wisdom and righteousness are the life-blood of the nation.

EDINBURGH.

By Alfred Noyes.

I.

CITY of mist and rain and blown grey spaces,
Dashed with wild wet colour and gleam of tears,
Dreaming in Holyrood halls of the passionate faces
Lifted to one Queen's face that has conquered the years,
Are not the halls of thy memory haunted places?
Cometh there not as a moon (where the blood-rust sears
Floors a-flutter of old with silks and laces),
Gliding, a ghostly Queen, thro' a mist of tears?

II.

Proudly here, with a loftier pinnacled splendour,
Throned in his northern Athens, what spells remain
Still on the marble lips of the Wizard, and render
Silent the gazer on glory without a stain!
Here and here, do we whisper, with hearts more tender,
Tusitala wandered thro' mist and rain;
Rainbow-eyed and frail and gallant and slender,
Dreaming of pirate-isles in a jewelled main.

III.

Up the Canongate climbeth, cleft asunder
Raggedly here, with a glimpse of the distant sea
Flashed through a crumbling alley, a glimpse of wonder,
Nay, for the City is throned on Eternity!
Hark! from the soaring castle a cannon's thunder
Closeth an hour for the world and an æon for me,
Gazing at last from the martial heights whereunder
Deathless memories roll to an ageless sea.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1908.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best list of six epigrams from the novels of George Meredith.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best six examples of Dickens's humour. Preference will be given to the briefest quotations.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation has been gained by F. M. ROY, Maitland Lodge, Oxton, Cheshire.

GEORGE SAND. BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

"They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of Sand."—LEWIS CARROLL.

Other quotations submitted were:

THE SHÁHNAMÁ OF FIRDAUSI. BY E. and A. WARNER.
THE SHAH-NAMAH OF FARDUSI. BY A. ROGERS.

"A name which you all know by sight very well,
But which no one can speak and no one can spell."
SOUTHEY.

(MISS ROBINSON, Glengall, Romford.)

A GARDEN IN VENICE. BY F. EDEN.

"Flowers of remarkable size and hue,
Flowers such as Eden never knew."
The Ingoldsby Legends.

(MISS J. E. MACDONALD, 50 Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh.)

BOOKBUYING ON THE QUAYS. BY ARTHUR RANSOME.

"There is a rapture on the lonely shore."—BYRON.

(W. EWEN, 252, King Street, Aberdeen.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the six happiest dedications in recent English literature has been awarded to MISS C. M. ROBERTS, Oakfield, Chester.

(1) TO ALISON CUNNINGHAM (Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses"). FROM HER BOY.

"For the long nights you lay awake
And watched for my unworthy sake;
For your most comfortable hand
That led me through the uneven land;
For all the story-books you read;
For all the pains you comforted;
For all you pitied, all you bore,
In sad and happy days of yore:—
My second Mother, my first wife—
The angel of my infant life—
From the sick child now well and old,
Take, nurse, the little book you hold!
And grant it, Heaven, that all who read
May find as dear a nurse at need,
And every child who lists my rhyme,
In the bright, fireside, nursery clime,
May hear it in as kind a voice
As made my childish days rejoice."

(2) DEDICATION TO "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED" (Kipling.)

"If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine!

"If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

"If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!"

(3) DEDICATION TO HENLEY'S POEMS.
"To my Wife.

"Take, dear, my little sheaf of songs,
For, old or new,
All that is good in them belongs
Only to you;
And, singing as when all was young,
They will recall
Those others, lived but left unsung—
The best of all."

(4) ROBERT BROWNING'S "ONE WORD MORE."

"There they are, my fifty men and women,
Naming me the fifty poems finished!
Take them, love, the book and me together,
Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also," etc.

(5) TENNYSON'S DEDICATION TO "THE IDYLLS OF THE KING."

"Those to his memory—since he held them dear,
Perchance as finding there unconsciously
Some image of himself—I dedicate,
I dedicate, I consecrate with tears—
These Idylls," etc.

(6) TO DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. BY W. SHARP.
Dedication to "Sonnets of the Century."

"From out of the darkness cometh never a sound,
No voice doth reach us from the silent place;
There is one goal beyond life's blindfold race,
For victor and for victim—burial-ground.
O friend, revered, belov'd, mayst thou have found
Beyond the shadowy gates a yearning face,
A beckoning hand to guide thee with swift pace
From the dull wave Lethean gliding round.
Hope dwelt with thee, not Fear; Faith, not Despair
But little heed thou hadst of the grave's gloom.
What though thy body lies so deeply there
Where the land throbs with tidal surge and boom
Thy soul doth breathe some Paradisal air
And Rest long sought thou hast where amaranths bloom.

"Yet even if Death indeed with pitiful sign
Bade us drink deep of some oblivious draught,
Is it not well to know, ere we have quaffed
The soul-deceiving poppied anodyne,
That not in vain erewhile we drank the wine
Of life—that not all blankly or in craft
Of evil went the days wherein we laughed
And joyed i' the sun, unknowing aught divine.

"Not so thy doom, whatever fate betide:
Not so for thee, O poet-heart and true,
Who fearless watched, as evermore it grew,
The shadow of Death creep closer to thy side—
A glory with thy ebbing life withdrew,
And we inherit now its deathless Pride."

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best short story from recent biography has been gained by MISS M. C. JOBSON, 19, Trent Road, Harrogate.

STORY FROM "PHASES OF MY LIFE," BY FRANCIS PIGOU, D.D.

We were being examined by Dr. Butcher in the Georgics of Virgil. The line began, "Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas." A young freshman looked at it and proceeded to say, "Felix was the man who understood the causes of the diseases of the sheep," like the boy who translated "Hannabal transivit Alpes summa diligentia," "Hannabal crossed the Alps on the top of an omnibus"! I saw a twinkle of humour in Dr. Butcher's eye. He played with this undergraduate as a cat plays with a mouse. "Thank you, sir. You say that Felix was well versed in the diseases of sheep. Who was this Felix?" The examinee felt that something had gone wrong. "Do you know at all who his father and mother were?" "No, sir, I do not remember." "Was he in any way connected with Agrippa?" "I should think they were hardly contemporaneous, sir." "Who do *you*," addressing the next, "think this Felix was?" To which, with genuine Irish readiness and wit, he replied: "I should say, sir, he was a very happy man."

New Books.

GENIUS LOCI.*

Mr. Symons writes of these Latin cities—Rome, Venice, Naples, Florence, Ravenna, Pisa, Siena, Verona, Bologna—as though (as indeed is in some sort the case) each were a work of art. While he speaks of them they seem to us no longer to exist, but to have passed into literature. This delicate method (if so sheer an impressionism may be called a method) is the means, it might seem, by which one of the most sensitive critics of our time changes the mere reality of such a place as Florence, its unfortunate mediocrity, into the convention in which art alone can live. If you go to him for a sort of literary photograph of the cities of Italy to-day, you will be disappointed. He seems to have come upon them by chance, and purposely to have ignored everything concerning them but their effect upon himself. And in spite of his protests, he is always at his best when he is most personal, when he lets himself go and attempts a spontaneous effect that is almost vocal. When he describes, he describes exquisitely—we see, we know, we understand; but his achievement, splendid of its kind, is nothing beside that other of just vision. It is for this reason, perhaps, that he is most successful with what he has known how to love—with Rome and Venice, for instance, rather than with Florence or Naples.

"To realise the greatness of Rome, it is not enough to have seen the Colosseum, St. Peter's, the churches, palaces, ruins, squares, fountains, and gardens; you may see all these and yet not have seen the most beautiful possession of Rome: the Campagna."

Again:

"Withdraw the sun, and Rome is like a face from which the smile has faded; change the wind, and one's own disposition changes with it. . . . Under a chill rain these narrow streets, with their wrinkled stones in which the rain gathers, become desolate in an instant; and indoors, in the houses without fires, without chimneys, life becomes intolerable. Living, as one is apt to do here, on one's sensations, how can any happiness be possible in the absence of just what makes the happiness of the sensations—gracious weather, the mere liberty to feel without discomfort? By one's fireside in London a storm of rain matters little enough. But what does anything else in the world matter here in a downpour of rain in winter?"

Well, those are instances of the real insight into, the subtle apprehension of what is most fundamental in Italy, the mystery of the sunshine there, a thing so rarely understood as to be almost unexpressed in our literature. To the Northern mind, it is the shadow, the twilight, the wind whispering through great trees, expressed in a Gothic cathedral with its high dim roof, its windows staining the darkness, that suggest religion, mystical thoughts, thoughts, as we say, too deep for words. But in Italy it was never so. The Latin mind has always understood the mystery of sunshine, the profound mysticism of the stillness, the silence of a hot, golden summer day. Nor have the Italians, any more than ourselves, failed to express themselves. How human are these clouds of saints which Italy has given to the world! How sane is everything she has created! And has she not always preferred her churches to be full of light and space and sunshine, so that even in the farthest corner there shall be no darkness at all? It is one of the distinctions of Mr. Symons's book that he has understood and expressed this secret.

Yet it is at Venice, perhaps, that he is at his best. That city of gold and ruin, of many-coloured thoughts, passionate and despairing, gradually sinking into the sea, has captured him. He has loved her till he has understood even that obvious beauty that appeals to the couples who spend their honeymoon in these funereal ways, where the water lips and mouths the cold stones till they are consumed. Only Guardi, perhaps, has painted Venice to perfection, understanding her greys and her greens and faint, unimpassioned gold. D'Annunzio has consumed her quite with his passionate ideas in "Fuoco." But through her various maze-like ways, led by her angel, Mr. Symons tells us how, one night of stars, he came suddenly upon the Piazza di San Marco and first saw the great church, half mosque, half temple, and all a miracle. In a dedicatory letter he has written to this book Mr. Symons tells us (at least, we may overhear him) that he is "one of those for whom the visible world exists very actively." For him cities are "like people with souls and temperaments of their own." And again he says, "I have put myself as little as possible into these pages." Well, it is true the visible world exists for him; but how personally he sees it! If he has really striven to keep himself, his own personality, out of these pages, how little he has succeeded! No one else would have seen just what he saw, in just the way he saw it; still more, no one else could have expressed what he has seen as he has expressed it. No, he is too good an artist not to be personal. Like his verse, his prose is always the expression, and sometimes only a less beautiful expression, of himself, his dreams, his ideas, his visions. It was the city of Rome that had grown in his own soul that he saw in the winter of 1896, and not the wonderful, uncouth, and ruined city by the Tiber, full of tourists and the democracy of modern Italy. Perhaps—who knows?—he might have written even more beautifully of her had he never seen her at all with his bodily eyes. It is impossible to allow the writer of this book the satisfaction of believing that he has merely told us what was really there.

EDWARD HUTTON.

* "Cities of Italy." By Arthur Symons. 4s. 6d. net. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

A NEW HUMORIST.*

We have been waiting a long while for some new humorists, and before we had read many pages of "Love and the Ironmonger" we knew that one of them had arrived. The story opens quietly enough; there are no humorous extravagances of simile or phrase, nothing very much in the style of it throughout, perhaps, that you would describe as humorous at all, but you are interested from the beginning; you have not finished the first chapter before you are as amused as you are interested, and from the second chapter, where young George Early goes "in search of bad habits," right through to the end you find yourself moved to irresistible and continuous laughter. The humour of the book lies in the idea of it—in the story itself; Mr. Randall writes with occasional touches of quaint or farcical dialogue or description, but as a rule his language is curiously staid and restrained, and that very restraint and comparative seriousness seem to add to and intensify the grotesque humour of the incidents and situations with which the narrative is everywhere alive.

Old Mr. Fairbrother, an ironmonger of Upper Thames Street, being desirous of benefiting three of his clerks and of weaning each of them from his besetting sin, leaves to each a legacy of £500 a year, on condition that they respectively abandon their habits of drinking, lying, and meanness. Each clerk is informed privately of the condition under which the money is left to him; neither knows what particular vice it is that the will compels the other to avoid, but the lawyer is in the secret, and the legatee who has been found out in three transgressions and had three notices from the lawyer forfeits his inheritance. By mere chance, George Early has overheard old Fairbrother explaining these details, to each of the three clerks separately, shortly before his death; and when he is dead and the fortunate three are drawing their bequests George lets each know privately that he is aware of all the facts, and em-

* "Love and the Ironmonger." By F. J. Randall. 6s. (John Lane.)

barks on a career of merciless blackmailing. Before the fun has been worked out of this position of affairs, Mr. Randall adroitly turns the tables, and the tormentor becomes the victim. George happens to save Fairbrother's niece, Ellen, who had inherited the business, from being run over in the street; he makes the most of his opportunity, wins her love, and marries her. Then he learns that if the three clerks forfeit their legacies they are to be transferred to him and he must fulfil the conditions attached to them; if he fails and loses them, he loses also all that came to him when he married his late employer's niece. This making him anxious that the legacies should remain where they are, he encourages the three men, who are now his clerks, to be circumspect; but in spite of all he can do, they are tempted by the solicitor's emissary, offend three times, and the lost legacies fall one after the other to George. Thereupon the clerks recompense themselves for their losses by blackmailing him, and it is only after many and ludicrously desperate evasions and adventures that he finds a happy way out of his difficulty.

The plot is as cleverly developed as it is ingenious, and, apart from Jacobs's books, there has been nothing within covers for long past that has been so genuinely humorous, so thoroughly enjoyable.

A PLAIN MAN'S WISDOM.*

It is a paradoxical peculiarity of certain mortals that they do not come into the world until they have left it. Henry Ryecroft was such an one. Another was the late Bagshot, whose notebooks his friend, Mr. J. A. Spender, has devotedly searched, and produced from them a little volume of comments on men and things which, with its pleasant print and broad margins strown with sign-posts, has a very companionable air. Whether it gets the welcome it seems to ask for will depend on the reader's habit of thought. It is not a book that can be criticised dispassionately according to any canon, for Bagshot was no literary artist, but a plain man with an undoubted gift of unconfused expression. I think that he can, at any rate, be acquitted of overmuch platitude. But platitudes are only one's own ideas grown stale; so even that becomes a personal question.

From his own words and from Mr. Spender's setting, we can construct a portrait of Bagshot. He had a share of that quality which we call modernism—and arrogantly hold to our label, even when we find it in Euripides or the book of Ecclesiastes. It is not a very definite quality, but may be described, roughly, as a refusal to lose our horizons in the mist of romantic or religious illusion. Beyond this Bagshot was a humane man and kindly, with a sense of humour, alert but not indiscreet; a little inclined to obstinacy; indignant when occasion demanded; eminently sane, and just a little ordinary. Though not over-ridden by the conventions, he was no Bohemian, and has a hard saying anent the artistic temperament. He was imaginative withal, and in one place gives us a curious insight into that side of his character. He quotes the Scripture, "But Jesus stooped down, and with His finger wrote on the ground." Then, "What did He write?" he asks, and calls it a great subject for a religious poem. One may have one's own views about religious poems, but it is certainly a broad field for fancy to roam.

Browsing at leisure through these pages one finds much quiet wisdom, and ever and again what seems an absolute truth. (But every one will not underline the same passages.) Of friendship Bagshot has a good deal to say. "Reserve is essential to an enduring friendship," he writes, remembering that the "fatal knife, deep questioning," "probes to endless dole." Later he has another wise word: "He is no true friend who thinks that he puts a friend under an obligation by doing him a service."

He is Liberal in politics (though the doctrine of the *Westminster Gazette* is not obtruded) and finds that "the most dangerous demagogues are the clever Conservatives who despise the people." Clever men are a characteristic aversion of his. He has made a Utopia for himself, but is less than half serious about it. An amusing conversation is recorded in which he lays it down that in his ideal commonwealth a legacy shall carry with it the testator's personality. The revenue thus grows rich with foregone estates.

Of his religious opinions Bagshot is reticent, but his longest and deepest passage concerns immortality. He is profoundly affected by Aristotle's ἐφ' ὅσον ἐνδέχεται ἀθανατίζειν.

"It is the last word on the subject. Whatever he believes about another world, a man must live in this world *as if he were immortal*. This alone lightens the burden of his years, and enables him to look steadily at the future."

On letters, as Mr. Spender says, he touches but lightly. He longs for that "orchestrated literature" which many have dreamed of and Mallarmé essayed to make—a kind of blending of literature and music. On a more practical plane he writes: "In literature the very good and the very bad may alike be popular, but talent appeals only to the cultivated"—a truth the neglect whereof fills the garrets. Bagshot was a prudent person, who had entered the civil service.

About women he is inclined to be trite, though he has a pleasing story of a lady who telegraphed to her husband to buy threepenny-worth of cream on his way home from business, to save her books from exceeding £6 a week. He is no sexual psychologist; nor is it apparent that he has ever suffered inspiration. His last word on the subject is his apology:

"One marries a girl, and lives with a woman. I think I know something about girls, but I am sure I know nothing about women."

Being a man of method, Bagshot lays down three "golden rules of worldly wisdom," which, however, like the three things of the Wise King, turn out to be four. They are characteristic. "Take all but the most important things at their surface value" is probably the wisest saying in his book.

Bagshot has perpetrated one epigrammatic masterpiece: "The prig is he who renders unto God the things that are Cæsar's." But he does not often indulge in these sparkling adventures. His comments, nevertheless, do not lack salt, and he has a witty way of exposing a humbug.

"All the peace parties I have known have ardently desired to make war on the Sultan of Turkey. Perhaps they are right; but some of them seem to regard it as a humanitarian picnic on a large scale—which is almost certainly a mistake.

"To call themselves 'miserable sinners' is with many persons a kind of religious good manners, just as a man inscribes himself 'your humble servant.'"

Finally, here is a comfortable doctrine, born, one suspects, of the need of self-justification.

The *homo sanus ought* to be sick at sea if he is accustomed to live on dry land.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "The Comments of Bagshot." By J. A. Spender. 3s. 6d. (A. Constable & Co.)

THE WITHER FAMILY.*

This elaborate and handsome book, issued, like many others of its kind, with no parade or ostentation, represents the work of many years, undertaken *pietatis causâ* and carried out in the face of many distractions and disappointments. It makes no literary claim; such a compilation cannot be made hurriedly in the dust and heat that accompany inspiration; but the result is equally praiseworthy when (as in the case of the present volume) the careful and accurate collectanea of years are arranged in an orderly and intelligible manner. The Wither family may be as proud of their historian as he obviously and justifiably is of them. They "may not have produced," Mr. Bigg-Wither says in his modest preface, "any, or many, world-famous men and women; but it is not without just pride that its representatives to-day look back to forbears of

* "Materials for a History of the Wither Family." By the Rev. R. F. Bigg-Wither, M.A., Rector of Wonston, Hants. £3 3s. (limited to 200 copies). (Winchester: Warren & Son, 1907.)

distinction in all branches of Church and State, of literature, law, and commerce; and especially to a long succession of county 'squires' living on their estates, 'good old English gentlemen,' serving their country as magistrates, their parish as benefactors, honoured by their neighbours, and beloved by the poor." What better epitaph could be wished for a family vault?

If a marginal note on an Elizabethan pedigree is to be believed, the episode which is made to account for the dispersal of the Withers from Lancashire, where they were settled from 1189 for at least two centuries afterwards, cannot be regarded with entire satisfaction. "Thomas Wyther Esquyer . . . slew one Robert Worsley Kgt. and for that deed hee with his brethren fled into Cheshire and served the Abbot of Vale Royall in the countie of Cheshire." But there seems to be no foundation for this story; and even if there be an admixture of truth in it, the said Thomas was punished in the failure of his line: his great-grandsons were monks. Meanwhile his brothers had gone south, the youngest to Hampshire, where he settled at Manydown.

It is round the manor of Manydown that the fortunes of the Withers have gathered for centuries, and it is with the Hampshire Withers that this book is mainly concerned; its author was brought up at Manydown, and has lived to see it pass out of the hands of the family. The modern pilgrim who is fond of associations, and likes the dancing heptasyllables of the shepherd Philarete, may walk thither from Basingstoke by way of the quiet little village of Wootton St. Lawrence, where the church is full of pious tablets commemorating Withers of Manydown. The manor-park is well-timbered to-day; five hundred years ago it supplied William of Wykeham with oaken beams for his cathedral at Winchester. The old house has been altered and enlarged by succeeding generations; but its heart consists of an old red-brick quadrangle, with an open grass-plot in the centre, on one side of which is the room where for four centuries a Wither lord of the manor held the "court leet."

George Wither the poet, the best known of the family, was not a son of Manydown. He was born at Bentworth, whose "beechy shadows" he sang, near Alton; but it was only a short ride on horseback to his five boy-cousins and the rustic delights of their ancestral park. He at least was a worthy Wither in his love of Hampshire; the present writer can vouch that an April morning can be well spent by the "boist'rous sedge" of the Pool of Arle at Alresford, with a copy of "Fair Virtue" in the hand. For similar peaceful mornings, which the young George must have enjoyed in various places near his home, while England was still a nest of singing-birds, and before she broke out into the red fury that converted the pastoral poet into a poor satirist and "rhyming parasite," we must now be grateful; for it was Hampshire that inspired the first fine careless rapture which he could never after recover. "Wither," wrote the beloved Elia, intuitive and ungrammatical, "is like an old friend, whose warm-heartedness and admirable qualities make us wish he possessed more genius, but at the same time makes us willing to dispense with that want." The lesson of George Wither's life is that one cannot serve both Muse and Country; but it might be argued that his "Coronation Hymn" in "Hallelujah"—still unsurpassed in its kind—does him honour both as poet and as patriot.

George Wither's descendants, direct (if there be any) or collateral, may well honour the name of Philarete, under which he wrote his best poem, and the author of "The Shepherd's Hunting" and "Fidelia." The extreme happiness of the famous "Shall I, wasting in despair," doubtless entitles that song to the position in which all ages since its birth have placed it—it was one of those later Elizabethan or early Jacobean songs that were distinguished by being circulated in broadside form, a distinction not always beneficial to the poem, as it was seldom long enough, and had to be padded out by some hack-rhymester to give the public their full pennyworth. But there are other lyrics of Wither's which attain, to my mind, almost to the same lyrical heights: "Hence away, you sirens, leave me"; the jolly Christmas Carol, with its quaint and interesting hints at forgotten customs; and the charming sonnet, "Now gentle sleep hath closèd up those eyes," which is reminiscent of Catullus' *basia mille, deinde centum.*

There have been other Withers, however, as this book shows us, who, if they have not attained to national fame, have at least led the lives of worthy English county gentlemen. There was a Wither in England before the Conquest; they are enrolled in Domesday Book; they are among us to-day; and the chronicles of their deeds, coupled with the honourable traditions they have founded and ratified, make the dry bones of history live.

FRANK SIDGWICK.

A MYSTERY.*

This play is prefaced by two quotations, from Paracelsus and Heraclitus, dealing with the possibilities of soul. And indeed the play, which is an Egyptian mystery round the story of St. George and the Dragon, written in blank verse that is very weak indeed, has not often the one foot on earth that makes poetry a real thing for living men. It is vague, nebulous, swayed by words like "magic," "mysterious," "troubled," and such phrases as "the inner will." We wish the author had not been content with this false sense of meaning that comes from the would-be hypnotic use of particular words. The result of a most careful reading is certainty that the verse is not that of a poet but of a poetical temperament. It is like a cobweb on which the dew has not yet fallen to turn it into jewellery.

It opens before a shrine of Isis in an Egyptian wood—a procession of country people singing a song whose first verse is a fair illustration of the author's style:

> "Help us, thou lovely Dweller in the Wood,
> Whose subtle fingers, moving fast, disturb
> The magic roots of every healing herb;
> In every poison plant the Secret Good
> Hid at the heart of Ill
> Comes forth and blossoms at thy potent will."

A dragon whose breath blasts the crops and whose mouth swallows their owners is the object against which help is needed. The happy Princess Sabru is made to hear of this sorrow, and insists on drawing lots with the rest of her maidens for a sacrifice to Osiris. The lot falls on her, a litany is sung, her lover protests, and the last act opens to disclose Sabru in a trance, bound to a tree, with a wreath of roses on her head. St. George of Cappadocia, who has appeared by chance early in the play and remarked that he was looking for a dragon and a sad princess, comes in and disturbs the tranced princess by announcing that he has found her. She tells him that her soul, which has

> "roamed through the dark underworld,
> Has brought back to the daylight with much toil
> A magic sword to slay the evil snake."

St. George, after having offered to release her from the tree, goes off with the sword. Sabru's lover comes in, cuts the bonds without asking leave, and has an argument with the Priestess of Isis over Sabru's body as it lies on the ground. At last Sabru gets up; country people come in with the news of the death of the dragon, put of course into appropriate language; St. George comes in, takes one of Sabru's red roses, in due capital letters and blank verse, "The Red Rose of St. George," and goes out in silence. The performance closes with a song to Isis. It is really even more elaborate and more spiritual than this. Miss Gore-Booth has written six other books, so that it is not possible to excuse her mistakes of fancy for imagination, and high sounds for high meanings, on the plea of inexperience. The book is most excellently meant.

* "The Sorrowful Princess." By Eva Gore-Booth. 2s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

ENGLISH PROSE.*

It is not the least (though perhaps an accidental) merit in these two prose anthologies that each enhances and illustrates the other. Mr. Masefield deals with pens long at rest, masters of days gone by; Mrs. Binyon with those whom Time has not yet set in their due perspective, whose battle-dust still dims the air; men, too, who are still alive, still carrying on the fine tradition of English prose. With which, then, does the advantage lie—with Mr. Masefield's five centuries or with Mrs. Binyon's one? It is a question that will need pains, modesty, and perseverance to master. But, as with Little Red-Ridinghood, one's destination may easily be forgotten in the delight of the journey. These books, then, are the mossy milestones.

In the earlier writers, energy, novelty, richness, impetuosity, are most conspicuous. Mrs. Binyon's are more dexterous, more punctilious; they sought finish and accuracy. Every fact now adumbrates a science; and therefore, in spite of a wider and more exact vocabulary, we moderns are more circumscribed by our knowledge—though even it be only the knowledge of how little we know—than they by their rich, unpremeditated ignorance. We have paid down idiom for complexity, freshness for abundance; and scientific accuracy looks a little coldly on naïveté. Moreover, our latter-day prose seems bent, if not on concealing, at least on restraining the personality behind it; theirs delighted in decking it out with every grace and gift language could muster. And yet, somehow, it is all in vain to say—here, there, is the difference. It lies too deep: the wind bloweth where it listeth; and across the England of the Tudors it set in steadily north-west. They dealt with their mother-tongue, those old Elizabethans, as they dealt with Philip's Armada. They pressed straight forward, like the sun riding amid clouds, seizing beauty as it befell. They caught from their own proud, generous hearts a royal rhythm and wrote massively, ruggedly, vividly, to that. Even were our hearts like theirs, our minds as alert and vigorous, could our tongues reveal it quite so plainly? (And memory angrily whispers "The Dynasts," "The Road to Rome," "Durer," "Nostromo"!) We want to tint in the faint environs of each thought. Like Mr. Lord George Sanger with his hundred Shetlands, two handfuls of reins lie between Mr. Henry James's sensitive finger and thumb, and a lash of thirty feet into the bargain. Can English indefinitely survive this continuous subtilising and enrichment? Must decadence at length come? Will this world-wide language, at last, back sullenly into Dictionary and Commentary, where lie enshrined and enshrouded the outworn tongues of Greece and Rome? We should like to overhear what old Caxton is whispering to Mr. Pater on the matter. But hard on these questions follows yet another; shall all our living languages presently slip into the infinite and arid Sahara of Esperanto; or—oh, peaceful, happy, not yet disquieting reflection!—into the æther of telepathy?

Neither compiler of these delightful anthologies consents to answer such idle questions. Nor, indeed, does either venture on proffering an original definition of good prose, or a golden key to its attainment. Mr. Masefield, in his excellent preface, passes his chosen briefly in review. He sums up, not arbitrarily, the claims of each. "In his prose John Donne is with the first half-dozen. The rugged mass takes fire, the august rhythms have the grandeur of great poetry." But where, indeed, hides this unearthly sorcery of words, these "bricks," as Stevenson so curiously called them? By what divination are we able to pierce through the printed page like this, into the man's very heart? Take, almost at random, a sentence from Sir Thomas Browne: "Nor will the sweetest delight of gardens afford much comfort in sleep; wherein the dulness of that sense shakes hands with delectable odours; and though in the bed of Cleopatra, can hardly with any delight raise up the ghost of a rose." It is a thought drowsy and vague as with a narcotic; and yet—the magic of that rhythm; what powers and secrets its reveals! the packed complexity of idea, the still, unfathomable imagination, the curious melancholy, that unique sense of beauty. Why, genius its very self dreams there, in just that last brief, lovely cadence.

Time has left us Cæsar's face; and scrutinising it, we may in part surmise his greatness. Time has left us Sir Thomas Browne's prose: we surmise no more; we inherit a universe, the starry, marvellous, argosied microcosm of that absorbed, lovable, modest physician of Norwich. How amiably would one's ghost survey upon his crowded shelves its little urn of earthly dust, if only its memory might lie embalmed in the immortality of that tremendous prose!

There is no end to this magic of style. Out of the self-same ten thousand words come Pater and Poe, Newman and Cobbett. Words re-create for us the immense, "icy" intellect of the fat, little-nosed Gibbon; the quick eye and greedy gust of an Aubrey, a garrulous Florio; Milton, Swift, Defoe—the man himself to the very tassel on his cane.

As regards the arrangement of their extracts, both editors have avoided the dulness of a precise chronology. Mr. Masefield has classified his authors in eight divisions—Translators, Critical, Novelists, and so on. Mrs. Binyon has attempted something rarer and more difficult, and has most admirably succeeded. What would be an almost intolerable task with most anthologies—to read straight through them—Mrs. Binyon has made a fascinating pleasure by simply so ordering her extracts that a thread, now clear, now dim, strays through each, and strings all together in a loose yet continuous narrative. How easily and willingly will Fancy roam, so even the ghost of a path invite her!

It would have been an additional advantage if, as in Henley's anthology, in both books, chapter and verse had been given for each extract. And so lucid and interesting is each editor's introduction that we would gladly have spared a puppet here and there in order to hear and see a little more of their ingenious showmen.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

* "A Prose Miscellany." By John Masefield. 5s. (Methuen.)—"English Prose in the Nineteenth Century." By Mrs. Laurence Binyon. 6s. (Methuen.)

MEMOIRS OF MISTRAL.*

This book consists of a translation from the Provençal poet's Memoirs of his early life—from his birth in 1830 to the publication of the "Mireio" in 1859—together with an extract from the notice of him in "La Grande Encyclopédie." There are also some good photographs of Mistral and other Provençal celebrities.

The Memoirs are among the most charming ever written by a poet. For not only do they throw a good deal of light upon the origin and development and aims of the Provençal Renaissance in the middle of last century, upon Mistral and his collaborators, but they reveal the poet's early life amidst rustic surroundings so graceful and antique that the picture is like a comment on the "Idylls" by Theocritus or the "Georgics" by a contemporary. Provence, Poetry, and Love pervade the book. Only out of Provence could have come such savours of sun-warmed earth and human life, such gaiety and exuberance—extravagance, too—as of a sunnier Ireland. The poet's father was a yeoman of the country of Arles who married a second wife at the age of fifty-five, a beautiful girl who became the poet's mother:

"One summer's day on the feast of St. John, Master François Mistral stood in the midst by his cornfields watching the harvesters as they mowed down the crop with their sickles. A troop of women followed the labourers, gleaning the ears of corn which escaped the rake. Among them my father noticed one, a handsome girl, who lingered shyly behind us as though afraid to glean like the rest. Going up to her he inquired, 'Who are you, pretty one? What is your name?'

* "Memoirs of Mistral." Rendered into English by Constance Elizabeth Maud. Lyrics from the Provençal by Alma Strettele. 12s. 6d. net. (Arnold.)

"'I am the daughter of Etienne Poulinet,' the young girl replied, 'the Mayor of Maillane. My name is Delaïde.'

"'Does the daughter of Master Poulinet, Mayor of Maillane, come, then, to glean?' asked my father in surprise.

"'Sir, we are a large family,' she answered—'six daughters and two sons; and our father, though he is fairly well off, when we ask him for pocket money to buy pretty clothes, tells us we must go and earn it. That is why I have come here to glean.'"

So Master François Mistral married Delaïde Poulinet. She taught him the nursery rhymes and songs and tales in Provençal. There is a delicious picture of her father, a dissipated, joyous, snuff-taking old man, going to Beaucaire fair and losing the many handkerchiefs which he used to stuff into his pockets and belt; and of François himself, tall and strong, among the winnowers at harvest, facing the wind and gazing into the blue sky, saying seriously, "as though addressing a friendly god": "Come, blow, blow, dear wind." He read but three books, the New Testament, the "Imitatio," and "Don Quixote"—the last because it recalled his Spanish campaign under Napoleon. As he lay dying he asked his son what sort of weather it was.

"'It rains, my father,' I replied.

"'Ah, well,' he said, 'if it rains it is good for the seeds.'"

Mistral had a gallant and lazy old uncle who was the best dancer in the place. He would fling aside his spade, draw out his flute, and set the girls in the neighbouring fields dancing a *sauterelle*. He played also the violin, bassoon, horn, clarionette and tambour pipes. In winter he seldom got up before mid-day: "Where can one be so snug and so warm as in one's bed?" When he was dying he had his flute instead of a bell to call for attendance.

Of Mistral's childhood there are some delicious tales, as *e.g.* of how he tried to gather irises from the moat, but fell in and was whipped; having donned his Sunday clothes he fell in again and was whipped once more; falling in a third time in his festal suit with gold spots on a blue ground, his mother thanked God that he was not drowned, and put him to bed, where he dreamed of the iris and dragon-flies, and awoke to find that his father had picked the flowers for him, and his mother had placed them on his bed. His tale of how, as a truant, he was hidden in a barrel at night and caught hold of a wolf's tail through the bung-hole and was charioted almost home before the barrel broke, was not believed by his parents; but it is characteristic, and one of the most meridional fantasies we ever read. The country life, stern and hard, "yet always one of calm and freedom," ploughing, sowing, shearing, reaping, threshing, vintaging and olive gathering, forms a fair background to a childhood that is as fascinating as anything in Grimm—as when he goes to see the Magi on the eve of Epiphany, or to school (not, "thank God," before he was eight) at an ancient monastery that was more like the Abbey of Thelema than any mortal school. The school failed; the cook ran away; they lived a short time on potatoes; and then the master's mother said: "My children, there are no more potatoes to boil, you had better go home." The ortolans and the nightingales sing all the time; the stately Arlesiennes laugh across the pages; the music of the Provençal names make a perpetual burden; and the dawn of love—with pretty Praxède, next whom he sat to be catechised—matches the sultry winnowing, the rays and the sunlight on olive and vine. Nor did this sunlit life end with childhood. When Mistral went to Nîmes for his bachelor's degree the talkers at the little inn took notice of him, and though they thought that the professors would not waste time over the battles of the Saracens if they had to get up and hoe potatoes every morning, they determined to stay in Nîmes till the result was known. He came back from the examination, and the people in the street observed as he passed: "He has evidently got his degree—that one." The good gardeners at the inn knew it too:

"'Maillanais!' said one of them, 'we are all pleased with you. You have shown those little professor gentlemen that not only ants, but men, can be born of the soil. Come, children, let as have a turn at the *farandole*."

So in the courtyard they farandoled, and so M. Mistral farandoles to the end—sometimes with Daudet, sometimes with the rustics who gave him the matter of his verse. It is all Provence, Poetry, Love, and we would as soon have missed "The Mares of the Camargne" as this book.

EDWARD THOMAS.

Photo. by Elliott & Fry. **Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes.**
Author of "The Pulse of Life."

TWO "STUDIES IN LOVE."*

It can scarcely be doubted that both the books under consideration have been written with high and chivalrous intention, though one of them—"The Pulse of Life," by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes—stands far above the other in actual achievement. The latter has been grossly misinterpreted, notwithstanding that its very title should have been a clue to its real meaning, for it has been well named "The Individualist," since, apart from its political setting—which is clever, but negligible and unconvincing—it weighs, and finds wanting, that dangerous form of individualism which desecrates love by making every individual instance of passion a law unto itself. It brings home to every intelligent reader the corrupting and disintegrating effect of that great tide of Neo-paganism which is already sweeping away all that has been built upon the shifting sands of mere convention and social prejudice. That such a tide is at our doors, shaking the very foundations of every hearth and temple not founded upon a rock, is recognised by both authors, though the one is, perhaps purposely, vague and indefinite in his suggestion of how that rock may be discovered, while the other, with a more declared and constructive philosophy, very clearly indicates that the Master who warned society two thousand years ago against unsafe building does not betray those who trust in Him.

"Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure."

* "The Pulse of Life." By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. 6s. (Heinemann.)—"The Individualist." By Philip Gibbs. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

That is her philosophy, and we suspect it is a philosophy shared by Mr. Philip Gibbs, though he somewhat obscures the issue on what is almost his final page by allowing his heroine to contrast friendship with love, to the advantage of the former, ignoring the fact that there is a deeper question which controls and includes both, as Browning more than hinted when he wrote :

> " O world as God has made it ! All is beauty ;
> And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.
> What further need be sought for or declared ? "

Love is *duty*. It is the lovers who recognise that " stern daughter of the voice of God " who reach the Eternal through the transitory, whatever name they may give to what Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes speaks of as a " beckoning affinity of soul," that which, once felt, even by those who do not attain its fruition on earth, is recognised as a deeper reality than any mortal pain or pleasure which it may involve.

In this latest novel from the hand of Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, so rich and complex and well sustained is the manifold life through which love, that is " the pulse of life," continually beats, that the other novel under review suffers by comparison, even though David Heath, the blacksmith's son, the true hero of " The Individualist," is a delightful creation. In his arduous and faithful devotion, he is somewhat akin to the Paul Fheygine so powerfully portrayed in "The Pulse of Life." Paul, a godson of one of the late Tsar's uncles, began life as a disciple of Tolstoi and, during his compulsory exile from Russia, fell under the spell of a lovely Spanish dancer, a great mistress of her art and supremely fascinating, but a creature almost without soul or conscience, " whose glory " was " in her shame." She, the vampire of his inmost being, was passionately adored by him, and it was only after her death that he found his heart's resting-place in the noble and unselfish love of Anne Leycester, the one woman in whom his soul had found response and to whose self-denying service of others he had long given help and comradeship. In David's case the rôle is reversed. It is Alicia, the woman whom he loves and who has always seemed to him beautiful in soul as well as in body, who has been the slave of lawless passion and, only after bitter suffering and humiliation, comes home to his heart.

No doubt Mr. Gibbs wishes us to apprehend how futile against misery and perdition and the sin which violates right citizenship, is the marriage-philosophy which disguises itself as an angel when introduced by a Shelley or a Mary Wollstonecraft, but shows its true inwardness in the devastated youth of such a woman as Alicia, who, brought up with no better guide, finds herself drifting on a wild sea of emotion, without compass or anchorage—the easy dupe of the contemptible Stretton, the Individualist of the story. If this be indeed his intention, it has our entire sympathy. But, as the author of " The Pulse of Life " makes clear in one or two of her most moving and dramatic scenes, love, in proportion to its intensity and immortality, is shy and delicate of touch and shrinks from any least word or gesture that may seem to lay bare too quickly and too cheaply its divine secret. And therefore what seems most unreal in a woman who loves as Alicia loves, is not her unconventionality—what can be more exquisite or lovely than the simple directness and self-surrender of the beautiful young Princess who in " The Pulse of Life " counts a disproved convention as valueless as the outward trappings of the royalty she renounces ? Nor is it that supremacy of feeling which through false teaching makes havoc of her life : lawful passion may be pure and noble, a part of that sacred joy wherein " God renews his ancient rapture " ; and though hers was unlawful, we know that she had been bred up in a mistaken philosophy which taught her otherwise. What offends in her is rather a certain vulgarity of unrestraint which merits the old rebuke of Coventry Patmore when he said,

> " Angels may be familiar ; men
> Must treat each other with respect."

The contrast is great between Alicia's selfish egoism in the one novel, and such fine self-abnegation as that of Mary Wratten and Anne Leycester in the other.

Both these works of fiction are to the last degree courageous, but only one of them leaves on the mind in fullest measure that sense of purification and exaltation wherewith it is the province of all great art to refresh and illumine the soul.

ANNIE MATHESON.

THE KING OVER THE WATER.*

Here is a Life of the Old Pretender, *alias* James III. and VIII., *alias* the Chevalier de St. George, the joint production of Miss A. Shield and Mr. Andrew Lang. In the preface Mr. Lang explains that most of the research and almost all the writing are Miss Shield's, and that his own part has mainly been that of supervision and condensation. Notwithstanding the condensation, the book runs to nearly five hundred somewhat closely printed octavo pages. Here and there it is easy to recognise allusions, clauses, and sentences which have dropped from Mr. Lang's pen. Had he written the whole of it, the work would no doubt have been more lively in expression, but not more valuable as a statement of facts. Miss Shield has evidently devoted much time and patient labour to her share of the task, and on the whole has done it remarkably well. The melancholy story of the melancholy king is by no means devoid of interest, though much less stirring and much less romantic than that of his elder son. In spite of Thackeray's " Esmond," James is strenuously upheld as a high-toned, upright, moral man ; and the proofs which are advanced may give pause to those who are inclined to judge him harshly.

For most of the statements references are freely given, but many of these are tantalisingly vague. There is also a lack of precision in the dates. On the first page, indeed, readers are informed that all the dates are given in new style, " unless stated otherwise or given in both styles " ; but this promise is not fulfilled, for occasionally the old-style date alone is given without the letters " O.S." and sometimes when the date is given in both styles one of them is clearly wrong. When the day of the week and the day of the month are both given, they do not always tally. Here, for example, is an unsuccessful attempt to be particularly precise. " On Tuesday, March 3, 1732 (O.S. February 22), Atterbury died." In a footnote this information is supplemented thus :

> " O'Brien's letter to the King, dated March 10, says that Atterbury died 'last Tuesday morning.' In 1732 March 3 was a Tuesday. The date upon his grave in Westminster Abbey is February 22 (O.S.). Some histories carelessly give the date February 15. 1732 was a leap year."

Now, in 1732, the 3rd of March, new style, did not fall on a Tuesday, nor did that 3rd of March correspond with the 22nd of February, old style. In the second edition of his " Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey," Dean Stanley gives February 15, 1732, as the date of Atterbury's death, and says that " a monument was talked of, but never erected."

In giving the substance of the Act of Security passed by the Scottish Parliament before the Union, it is said to have provided that Queen Anne's successor to the throne of Scotland should be " not necessarily the new monarch of England, but," etc. This is a lamentably weak representation of the words : " Provideing alwayes that the same be not the successor to the Crown of England, unless," etc.

* " The King over the Water." By A. Shield and Andrew Lang. With portraits and other illustrations. 15s. net. (Longmans, Green & Co., 1907.)

In discussing a letter in which James refers to a "pretty miss," this statement is made: "Mr. Percy Thornton, who gives the 'pretty miss' letter in his *Stuart Dynasty*, supposes this lady (unnamed) to be a princess; he suggests the daughter of the Emperor, who had no daughter." This is rather hard on Mr. Percy Thornton, who does not suggest the daughter of the Emperor, but "a daughter of the Duke of Lorraine."

Again, the Baron de Pollnitz is alleged to have described James as strikingly resembling both Charles II. and James II.; and it is added that "Pollnitz, for all his intimacy, was capable of calling James II. his 'supposed' father, even though he cited the likeness as testimony of his host's authenticity." Neither the title nor the edition of the work of Pollnitz alluded to is given; but in the third edition of his "Memoirs" there is a passage which corresponds generally, but in it nothing is said about the likeness of the Pretender to Charles II., and James II. is referred to as the father of the Pretender without the qualifying adjective "supposed."

According to Miss Shield or Mr. Lang, or both, the Chevalier was baptized twice, privately on June 11, 1688, when he was only one day old; and publicly on October 15, when he was four months old. This would have been opposed to the usage of the Church of Rome, that church to which the parents adhered so conscientiously. In the "Life of James the Second . . . collected out of memoires writt in his own hand," it is explained that he "forgot not the cerimony of nameing the Prince of Wales, which had not been done when he was christened, but on the 15 of October was performed in the King's chappel at St. James's with great solemnity, the Pope being god-father, represented by the Nuncio, and Queen Dowager god-mother, who gave them the name of James, Francis, Edward." This does not imply re-baptism.

It is claimed that the Chevalier de St. George, though no ascetic at table, was no drunkard, that he was sincere, brave, and tolerant, as well as stainlessly moral. It is admitted that in the '15 he was as a wet blanket to his followers; but then, it is urged, the circumstances were such that he would have required the genius of a Montrose to overcome them, though three years before the "ships at Leith dressed themselves with flags and streamers" on his birthday.

D. HAY FLEMING.

THE BELIEFS OF AN AGNOSTIC.*

It is strange and a little startling to see Thomas Henry Huxley, the iconoclast, a hero of the secular halls, in so innocuous a series as the Golden Treasury. The world must indeed have moved for Huxley to be counted among the respectable. And it is no less strange, if a deal less unexpected, to find that the great Agnostic had more than enough convictions to furnish out three hundred and eighty-five "Aphorisms and Reflections."

Wishful above all that this small volume may, "by the easy method of its contents," attract the attention of those unacquainted with her husband's writings, Mrs. Huxley has chosen her extracts from the "Essays," "Scientific Memoirs," and "Letters" rather with the intention of fully illustrating his mental activities than of making a compact book of aphorisms. Some extracts, certainly not aphorisms, can hardly be called reflections either. There are several (selected no doubt with the object of showing Huxley's lucid and picturesque style of exposition) which are simply instructive, and which, to the scientific student, will read like bits of ancient scientific history. For science has advanced so far since Huxley's day into regions the very existence of which was probably unsuspected by him, that much of the work which so scared and exasperated his contemporaries has become scientific commonplace and scarcely bears repetition except in schools. The man, however, stands out now all the more clearly. It is true, as he says himself, that the scientific spirit is of more value than its products. The interest of "Aphorisms and Reflections" lies in the spectacle of a singularly scientific spirit, not at its own work, but faced with things in general, philosophy, morals, social problems, human beings.

The greater part of the volume contains a working out in various aspects of two fundamental propositions.

"The man of science has learnt to believe in justification, not by faith but by verification."

"It is a great many years since, at the outset of my career, I had to think seriously what life had to offer that was worth having. I have come to the conclusion that the chief good, for me, was freedom to learn, think, and say what I pleased, when I pleased. I have acted on that conviction, and have availed myself of the 'rara temporum felicitas ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet,' which is now enjoyable to the best of my ability; and though strongly, and perhaps wisely, warned that I should probably come to grief, I am entirely satisfied with the results of the line of action I have adopted."

But like all men of wide and vigorous mental life, Huxley did not fail to contradict himself: he did not, he could not—no man could—adhere strictly to his method. Life won't have it. She is not bondwoman to ratiocination, nor is she to be compassed by that common sense which, trained and organised, was Huxley's definition of Science. "The scientific imagination," he says, "always restrains itself within the limits of probability." And again, "Whatever happens, Science may bide her time in patience and in confidence." Can the probable be verified? And is not such a confidence in Science (which has in no way solved the great problems which touch us most nearly) a very decided act of faith? It is one of the charms of Mrs. Huxley's volume that, womanlike, she allows her husband to be inconsistent. Had a man done the work, he would probably have gained a general notion of Huxley's philosophical and scientific views, and then would have selected only such aphorisms as were in accordance with that notion. Mrs. Huxley places on two consecutive pages:

"My business is to teach my aspirations to confirm [conform?] themselves to fact, not to try and make facts harmonise with my aspirations."

"The absolute justice of the system of things is as clear to me as any scientific fact. The gravitation of sin to sorrow is as certain as that of the earth to the sun, and more so—for experimental proof of the fact is within reach of us all, nay, is before us all in our own lives, *if we had but eyes to see it.*"

Facts, unseen let alone unverified, are made to conform to an aspiration!

The aphorisms on men and things are more remarkable for common sense, acute observation, and neatness of expression than for profundity. Hence their present value. Some are delightfully humorous—dry, and even cynical.

"'Magna est veritas et prævalebit!' Truth is great, certainly, but, considering her greatness, it is curious what a long time she is apt to take about prevailing."

"The great tragedy of Science—the slaying of a beautiful hypothesis by an ugly fact."

"The world is neither wise nor just, but it makes up for all its folly by being damnably sentimental."

"Though under-instruction is a bad thing, it is not impossible that over-instruction may be worse."

"Of the few innocent pleasures left to men past middle life, the jamming common sense down the throats of fools is perhaps the keenest."

The time is past when Huxley's reasoning seemed irrefrangible and his conclusions inevitable. His premisses were insufficient, when he came to apply science to life. Everybody's are, of course, but Huxley's dialectic assumed the contrary. His wonderful success in controversy was largely due to his skill in limiting the premisses of a discussion, for in controversy the man who sees a few

* "Aphorisms and Reflections." From the Works of T. H. Huxley. Selected by Henrietta A. Huxley. Golden Treasury Series. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

sides of the question very clearly can always confound the man who perceives many more sides all dimly—who is, in fact, confused by what cannot yet be brought to full light or made amenable to logic. We realise better nowadays that what we don't know may have quite as much bearing on any problem as what we do, and that not negatively. Churchmen or no, we cannot any longer declare with Huxley that it is impossible to be "a true son of the Church and a loyal soldier of Science." We think we can see wider issues. Huxley was the finest controversialist of his day. He appeals to us now much more as the courageous, plain-spoken, clear-headed fighter who jammed common sense into many a fool, but failed to squeeze philosophical inquiry, or religion, or himself, within the bounds of common sense; who was strong enough to set limits to his thought, and great enough to transcend them; who wrote, "I don't know what you think about anniversaries. I like them, being always minded to drink my cup of life to the bottom, and take my chance of the sweets and bitters." Into those, the more humanly interesting and inspiring sides of his activity, Mrs. Huxley's small volume gives us an excellent insight.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

THE RUSSIAN PEASANT.*

Gorky is essentially a man of his day. He understands and is in closest sympathy with the common people of his own country; he is as quickly sensitive to the wrongs and aspirations, the sufferings and despair, the meanness and heroism of the Russian peasantry, as the instrument is to the hands that play upon it, and his pictures of those cramped, broken, almost hopeless lives are simply and fearlessly realistic in the finest sense of the term. He makes you feel the utter pathos of the ignorance and blind laboriousness to which they are doomed; he makes you feel, too, with a catching-up of the very heart of you, the splendour and fiery hope that are coming with the stirring of thought, the reaching out towards knowledge and the light, that is agitating that sodden mass of oppressed humanity. You see the poor slaves of the factory, bold to the point of swaggering when they gather in a mob listening to one of their leaders, but cowed instantly and slinking off at the first sight of the master whom they have been trained by their parents, or from years of long habit, to fear and obey. It is the young men who are the awakening force; the old men, worn and timorous, can only look on and wonder and doubt. But the most beautiful thing in the book is the character of Pavel's mother. You are brought to know her and her surroundings as you know yourself and your own. The very atmosphere of her close, small, dim kitchen, in which Pavel and his brother-reformers hold their secret meetings—you feel and breathe it whilst you read; you can see the snow through the window, you hear the frost crackling like a claw drawn down the wall outside. And the mother of Pavel boils the samovar, supplies them all with tea, and looks on and listens, proud that her son speaks so well and is regarded with such respect, and yet vaguely dreading these may be wicked men who so conspire against the Government and may draw him into iniquity. By degrees she finds that his comrades are sober, kindly, earnest fellows like himself, and she grows to regard some of them almost as if they also had been sons of hers. Then a slow, blurred understanding dawns upon her of what it all means, and presently she is eager to help, to share the danger—though, at first, she is terribly afraid—and to do for the love of her son, and to win his admiration, what he is doing for the love of his country. It ends in tragedy; it could not have been true had it ended otherwise; but the sheer truth and undying hope that runs through it all make its darkest passages heartening and inspiring. This is a noble and a great book.

* "Comrades." By Maxim Gorky. 6s. (Hodder.)

MOTHER AND SON.*

We are informed on the wrapper of this volume that "Mr. Eden Phillpotts's latest story of Dartmoor life is the finest conception that any modern novelist has yet found." As if the novelist must go a-hunting after conceptions! As if his conception can be separated from his handling of it! Such a piece of gratuitous information we doubt, of course. Who would not? And in any case, the mother in Mr. Phillpotts' story is a figure fine enough to make the puff in the wrapper seem something of an impertinence. She was, we are told, "a simple woman of the yeoman class, whose nature is attuned to such noble purposes that even after her death her influence survives in the lives of those around her." We are not told whether her greatness arose from, or existed in spite of, her yeoman origin. Those who have had opportunities of watching the skill and dignity with which, more often than not, a farmer's widow will carry on her husband's farm and head his family, would hardly describe Avisa Pomeroy as "a simple woman of the yeoman class." They would put it somehow else, without quite so much agreeably surprised condescension. To them, she will appear as a credible type, idealised possibly, and not as the rare specimen of the yeoman class that the puff-writer seems to have thought her. "The Mother," not "A Mother," is the title of the book. Avisa is *the mother*, who happened in this instance to be a Dartmoor farmer's widow.

Mothers in literature are hard to criticise with a proper detachment. Men may be disillusioned, cynical, flippant about the world, the flesh and the devil, or love or religion, but there are few who do not preserve some reverence towards motherhood. I am ready, for one, to acknowledge that in so far as Mr. Phillpotts supports my ideal of motherhood, I shall be disproportionately pleased, and in so far as he outrages it, I shall be disproportionately angry. I cannot criticise "The Mother" dispassionately; I don't want to, and I don't know who does. Mothers transcend literary criticism. Literature is a poor thing beside them. It is greatly to Mr. Phillpotts's credit that his picture of the mother does not outrage an ideal so grounded in early associations and therefore so set. And it is quite in accordance with this peculiarity of mankind that Avisa Pomeroy, who gives the title to the book, is an almost entirely static figure. She has been wildish in her youth; the remembrance of it gives her patience with her son; but after the story begins, she does not further develop. There she is; and as she is, so she influences those around her. It is Ives Pomeroy who develops; who would for that reason have proved, willy-nilly, the central figure of the story but for the subtlety with which his mother's influence is traced everywhere and at all times.

The story itself can hardly be outlined briefly. In spite of its detail, it has the breadth and richness which arise from many characters, all with their own aims and obstacles. The background both of scenery and people is fully, perhaps too fully, painted in. "The Mother" is the history of a neighbourhood, as well as of the two chief personages. As regards Ives and his mother, however, the situation is adumbrated and their two natures very definitely indicated in the first chapter, in a conversation between Avisa and the mother of a man for whom Ives has been jilted.

"'Ives be a slow learner [said Avisa]. So was I. But when I gathered a bit of knowledge from life, it always stuck fast, Rachel.'

"'Sorrow's the best schoolmaster, I reckon.'

"'I don't say that. Happiness has taught me many things too. But nobody as loves justice like him will go far wrong in the upshot. A curious bent of mind sometimes. When his little sister died—my third, you know—Ives, six years old he was then, missed her noise the night after, and asked my old mother where she was to. "She've kissed God, dearie," says the dear old soul in her fanciful way, and the boy sniffed. "Poor Milly—she always hated kissing,"—that was what he said about it.'

* "The Mother." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

"'A good churchgoer, however. You must take consolation in that, Avisa.'

"'He goes to please me—an' look at the girls.'

"Mrs. Pomeroy's eyes pictured her boy at worship and twinkled with mingled love and amusement. But old Rachel Bolt was shocked."

Thenceforward we follow Ives through his reckless disappointment, his poaching with Moleskin (one of Mr. Phillpotts's most attractive rural scoundrels), his imprisonment after his mother has, for his own good, given him up to the police, his gradual steadying down and his mother's death, until in the upshot his love of justice and of his mother bring him out not far wrong. And it is always his mother's life, physical and moral, given him at his birth and given for him in his manhood, that we are watching. "Love be very witty," says Rachel Bolt. Seldom, I think, has a mother's love been traced out in so many of its aspects.

Mr. Phillpotts's achievement is the more remarkable because one feels that in some ways he is severely hampered by his method. The emotional plane of a story in which passions are hot and the mother's death even is not the climax, but an episode merely, must necessarily be kept fairly high. For that purpose, simplicity and suggestion would have seemed more appropriate than rhetoric and eloquent statement. Mr. Phillpotts uses the latter method, however, and out of it arises the most obvious weakness of the book. Dartmoor underlies the story, as it should do, but Dartmoor also interrupts it. Mr. Phillpotts knows the place so well, has written about it so much, that his descriptions tend to become stereotyped. At the beginning of most of the chapters there are chunks of eloquent dissertation on the moor, or some part of it, not as the people of the story would feel it, or could describe it, but as the author sees it, and as he only can describe it with every resource of a rather ornamental vocabulary. Such passages do but retard the story. One wonders, on beginning each chapter, how soon the author is going to stop talking about Dartmoor, and let the story begin again. Sometimes, moreover, certain more or less scientific opinions of the author—transient things, like all scientific hypotheses, beside the passions and the old traditional life with which he is dealing—intrude not only in passages where the author himself is speaking, but in the dialogue of the rural characters.

These faults notwithstanding, the story does preserve a relation to life, largely owing no doubt to the excellence of the minor characters who throw the mother and her son into prominence and at the same time keep them real. Arthur Brown, a priggish schoolmaster who marries Ives's sister and acts as a foil to him, is happily hit off as a man you can't warm your hands by. Thus does the exasperated Jill Bolt describe the man she married instead of Ives:

"'Blast the money! That's gone safe enough and I'm cruel punished ever for thinking of it; though, all the same, God's my judge that 'twasn't love of the money first, but anger at you made me take him. But living with him! If you or any other man only knowed the nature of Samuel. He's invalid food, that man! He makes me sick, I tell you—sick at his tame goodness. You, that be all up and down, and sulks and laughter, and anger and red hot worship—you that I know so well for all we are parted for ever—you can't understand what 'tis to be so holy in character. He ought to be in heaven, and I wish to God he was. Nothing to find fault with—but everything. I hate goodness since I married that man. I hate patience and meekness and giving way to everybody—like hell I hate 'em. Never an unkind thought of any living creature. Never a bit of news—never even a crooked word. That righteous and pious—there, I could shriek out swear words myself sometimes to anger him, but 'twould be in vain. And his awful flute—like a lost lamb bleating for its mother. I'd thank God on my knees if he'd come home drunk and beat me for a change—anything—anything's better than such a saint—no taste to him—body or soul.'"

The idea at the back of Jill Bolt's mind is similar to that in the light of which Mr. Phillpotts treats Ives. Scapegraces have always been popular in fiction, but to justify the widespread liking for them, they are usually brought to sudden sentimental repentances—or marriage. The development of Ives is more patient, more logical, and therefore more effective. He is a man, and he remains one. The characters in some of Mr. Phillpotts's novels have a habit of fading very quickly from one's memory, but I do not fancy that those in "The Mother" will do so. Though not invariably life-like, they are very full of life.

RAMBLING RECOLLECTIONS.*

"The title of this book conveys my meaning clearly. It is not an autobiography, nor even a continuous narrative. It is founded on no diary or record. Whatever the contents of the book—whether narrative or anecdotic—they are given just as they come unbidden into my memory, which is not a bad one, though possibly not so exact as I could wish. I have not attempted to be strictly accurate as to chronological order, though the events described harmonise with the period in connection with which they appear. By anticipation, therefore, I fully recognise the defects arising from want of premeditation. Any apologies that may be required of me, I make at once. I am prepared to accept criticism without remonstrance." So Sir Henry Drummond Wolff begins his preface, and so he disarms his reviewers, with that tact for which in diplomatic circles he was renowned. Any gentleman has a right to jot down his recollections, and if his pretensions are so modest as those of Sir Henry, no one has any right to cavil, unless, indeed, there are deliberate misstatements or serious errors. Of these grievous faults, however, there is no trace in the memoirs in question.

While we may refrain from grumbling at Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's discursiveness and his habit of introducing well-known personages about whom he has nothing of any interest to say—this swells the index to no less than fifty-five double-columned pages—we cannot but utter a word of disappointment at the contents of these two handsome volumes. Here is a man who entered the Foreign Office in 1846, acted in various diplomatic capacities in Italy, the Ionian Islands (after they were ceded to Greece), in Turkey, Persia, and other places; was a member of Parliament from 1874 to 1885, and one of the Fourth Party; a founder of the Primrose League; and Ambassador at Madrid from 1892 until the end of the last century—a man who has been everywhere, met everybody, and heard all the stories: and all that is important in his eight hundred pages of recollections might be compressed into two or three chapters of moderate length.

It is certain that the majority of readers will turn to that part of the book which treats of the much-discussed Fourth Party. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff has the disadvantage of writing after the publication of "The Life of Lord Randolph Churchill" and "The Fourth Party"; but still he has matters of interest to discuss. Sir Henry it was, of course, who objected in Parliament when Bradlaugh presented himself at the table to take the oath, and it was in the discussion which followed his protest that Lord Randolph Churchill made his first important speech. "The formation of the Fourth Party really dated from that speech," Sir Henry writes. "Mr. Gorst, Lord Randolph, and I sat together, and were subsequently joined by Mr. Balfour, whose object it was to cause Lord Salisbury's rights to the succession of Lord Beaconsfield to prevail over those of Sir Stafford Northcote." Sir Henry speaks of the attempts made subsequently to show that Mr. Balfour, though with the Fourth Party, was not of it; and he demolishes this contention—which now is a matter of history rather than of modern politics—by printing some letters of Mr. Balfour, one of which is particularly characteristic of the writer, and moreover sets the question for ever at rest. "You accuse me of two things—dining in ——'s society, and repudiating the Fourth Party. I deny both charges. . . . As to the Fourth Party, I did not

* "Rambling Recollections." By Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. 2 vols., 30s. net. (Macmillan.)

repudiate it. I denied its existence, which is a very different thing. If there is a Fourth Party, and in so far as there is one, *I* am a member of it. But I do not, and never will publicly admit that such a thing exists. We must always assert that the name is a joke and a device of the enemy to sow dissension in the Conservative Party. So shall we be able to preserve our independence, in spite of all the front benches in the world: though the Goat rages furiously and ex-Ministers of State gather themselves together against us. What I never can get you to understand is that what we should aim at for our own sakes and that of the party at large—is the largest possible amount of real independence and the smallest possible appearance of it." Since Sir Henry was naturally interested in the Bradlaugh affair, it is somewhat surprising that he should refer to the end of it in this curt sentence: "I believe that in the Parliament returned that year [1885] Mr. Bradlaugh did take his seat."

It is impossible here even to touch on Sir Henry's career as a diplomatist as illustrated in these volumes, and for the same reasons of space no further mention of his political reminiscences can be included, beyond the bare mention that there are here printed for the first time some interesting letters of Lord Beaconsfield. There are frequent allusions to literary personages, and most attractive of the pages devoted to letters are those occupied by Lytton's and Kinglake's views of fiction. "In making a choice of books, I hope you will not overlook the novel," the latter wrote to Sir Henry. "Of course a great novel does not lecture or preach, but for that very reason the more it governs the heart of the reader. What the Iliad, what the acted drama has been to mankind, the novel is at this day. It tells one of Life—life freed from its humdrum details; life, in short, with the dull parts left out; so that at one and the same moment the happy reader can enjoy the independence of solitude, and the charm of the most delightful society—society caught and seized by the power of genius at its fairest and brightest moments."

"Rambling Reminiscences" contains several good stories, and there is one that is a perfect gem. Sir Henry and Abraham Hayward were dining together, and they invited a Cingalese gentleman to join them. Hayward thought to improve the occasion by giving the stranger an insight into the constitution of English society. "You will find in England," said the *Edinburgh Reviewer*, "that men of distinction, who belong neither to the aristocracy nor to the richer classes, but have made a mark, either in literature or by their conversational powers, are always received in great houses on a footing of perfect equality. You never go to a great house but you will see some distinguished literary man received as one of the most highly honoured guests." The Cingalese said, very naïvely: "But are these not called sycophants?"

ANOTHER MISS BYRON.*

The heroine of this story lived more than a century ago, when pretty young heiresses were courted otherwise than they are to-day. They were certainly approached through their guardians. Miss Dalyngrange had Mr. Shirley to determine whether a suitor should have the privilege of laying siege formally to her heart. But in other ways courtship was less decorous, and the plot of this story hinges upon the madcap attempt of a disappointed lover to abduct the fair lady, as Sir Hargrave Pollexfen did to Miss Byron in "Sir Charles Grandison." Caroline Dalyngrange, however, is not Miss Byron all over. Sir Walter Scott properly objected to a certain indelicacy in the latter lady's character. Miss Dalyngrange is not indelicate or forward. She is hasty. She jumps at conclusions. Assuming, from a country girl's story, that her lover, Captain Gilbert Hardy, is a Lothario, she allows him to propose to her and then ignominiously taunts him in public with his conduct. The poor captain has in reality been guilty of nothing worse than a bit of innocent flirtation, but he is too proud to defend himself against the unjust charge. "Your aim, madam, has been to give me pain, and you have perfectly succeeded. But I remember that a worse thing might have befallen me. It might have been my wife who spoke thus. Your virtue, Miss Dalyngrange, is not of the kind that amends the sinner, but of the kind that destroys. Ten words from you of gentleness and sorrow might have abased me to the depths of shame and remorse. I should have gone then, as I am going now, but I should have gone with an image in my heart that would have drawn my steps upward. You have chosen otherwise." So the injured lover bows himself out of the offended lady's presence. But it is not long before she is obliged to accept his help. A local squire, maddened by her preference of Lord Pevensey to himself, proposes to carry her off and compromise her into marrying him. Captain Hardy gets wind of this plot from its author, and frustrates it by placing her one night for safety in a ruined castle. The squire then lays a false charge against Hardy, who is thrown into prison, and unable to clear himself without implicating Caroline's honour. Her position is doubly difficult. She has now discovered her mistake about Hardy, and also found that she loves him. The complication is unravelled finally, by her courage and by the generous behaviour of Lord Pevensey.

Miss Black has told her tale with sense and insight. Caroline's character is the pivot of the book, and it is drawn admirably. Her maidenly resentment of Hardy's behaviour, her young, hard verdict upon his character, her growing passion for him, and her treatment of Lord Pevensey, are all depicted with considerable skill. The authoress has caught the atmosphere and colour of the period wonderfully well. Hardy is not a Grandison, but he is perhaps none the worse for that. A "faultless monster" would not have won Caroline's heart.

One of the prettiest scenes in the book is the account of the girls bathing their faces in dew upon the morning of the first of May. This, and the opening incident of Hardy rescuing a horse from a burning farmstead, must be pronounced excellent, in every sense of the term, and indeed the entire story, in its descriptions of scenery and sketches of character alike, is an extremely delightful piece of work. There is a freshness of sympathy about its pages which is singularly attractive.

* "Caroline." By Clementina Black. 6s. (John Murray.)

THE COMPANY OF THE POETS.*

The best anthologies are a pleasant expression of hospitality. A man finds his friends upon his bookshelves, big volumes some of them, cumbrous, sometimes dull, but each one endeared to him by some facet of a personality. Some of his friends, too, may be oversea and almost inaccessible, or buried in ancient libraries and not easily to be met. He brings them together in a little book, and, like a god, chooses how each shall contribute the best of himself in the company of the others. The world is invited to take a seat at the foot of the table, and to overhear the men the anthologist loves, in those expressions of themselves that the anthologist finds most enjoyable. And then there are other cases, where the host brims over with his own good humour and anticipation of pleasure, and, taking a seat by the side of the world (at the foot of the table did I say?—anywhere where he may overhear all that is said), and, gossiping in advance, tells the world privately something of his guests, and how and why each one is so specially delightful.

Such a host, such an anthologist was Leigh Hunt. He was never so happy as when talking of the poets he loved; and he loved them so well that he could never be content to let them sing, and trust to chance for an understanding

* "Imagination and Fancy." By Leigh Hunt. With an Introduction by Edmund Gosse. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)

audience. No; with his eager eyes, with those upward curved eyebrows of imagination, with that dark hair disarranged, with his nervous mouth throwing out the words he must always lay a hand on the world's sleeve, and bring out the sweetness, the depth, the delight that he found in each of the poets at his table. "Imagination and Fancy" is the most intimate of anthologies. His guests, Spenser, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Middleton, Dekker, Webster, Milton, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats are kept waiting a little while Leigh Hunt defines poetry, and tries in his sweetest, most persuasive way to get the world to ask the same thing from them that he asks himself. "Hark you," he says to the world, "there are two especial things in poetry, imagination which is real sympathy with analogies, and fancy which is a dear capricious spirit that works patterns on the borders of imagination's robe—these two are the possessions of the poets, and those who are sitting above us at the table can show you them in abundance. Now listen; here is Master Spenser about to sing; there will be pleasure royal for us this night." That is something like his way, and it is very taking.

It is quite possible to imagine a world for whom Leigh Hunt's priming talk would be impertinent, a world that would take his guests and the qualities he admired in them for granted. But the world Leigh Hunt addressed was not such. He had chosen his guests with some courage. Keats and Shelley were not Keats and Shelley; they were a young man who had published some books of verse, been abused in a review or two, and died of a consumption, and another young man whose politics had been of an exaggerated kind, who had treated a wife very badly, published books, and had a romantic finish to his life. It required real sturdiness of opinion to set these two by the side of Milton, and Shakespeare, and the Elizabethans whom Lamb had already put in their high place. It was not at all unnecessary that the host should interest the world and keep it polite, and in an enjoying temper. Mr. Gosse suggests (in an admirable little introduction) that perhaps the host was a little too well persuaded to be persuasive, and that the world might well say to itself, looking askance at the eager face, and shaking off the hand upon its sleeve,

> "Beware! Beware!
> His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
> Weave a circle round him thrice,
> And close your eyes with holy dread,
> For he on honeydew hath fed
> And drunk the milk of paradise."

But it is this very enthusiasm that puts Leigh Hunt sufficiently near the level of his guests to be intimate with them and no shy stranger at his own feast.

Here an unhappy memory suggests itself. Who does not know those terrible anthologies made by men unworthy, in the solid popular phrase, "to lick the boots" of the poets they have dragged together; those irksome, uncomfortable banquets, given by some *parvenu*, a *nouveau riche*, who moves awkwardly among his guests, and has invited them not because he loves them, but because it is the proper thing to do. It must be a miserable thing to be a poet compelled to bear the hospitality of a little snob called —— or —— or ——, who puts you in his "Lullabies of Love," or his "Songs for the Soul," or his "Garland of Beauty" (I hope to goodness none of these are real names—I believe they are original inventions), simply because Mr. Hazlitt, who is, he hears, a great man, has spoken of you kindly, or because he has seen your name in the list of guests at some worthier table than his own.

There is no doubt about it; *all* anthologies are *not* pleasant expressions of hospitality. The host must belong in some way to the circle of his guests, or the world, if it be well advised, will stay away. But, at the table of Rossetti (the Early Italian Poets), of Lamb, of Hazlitt, of Palgrave, or at this delightful party of Leigh Hunt's, who would not be happy to sit below the salt?

ARTHUR RANSOME.

SHEAVES.*

Whether is it better, one feels inclined to ask, that a man should write light fiction well, or serious fiction meritoriously? To the general public it matters very little which he does, unless he be of the very first rank; and then the general public doesn't care. There are so many novelists, and if Mr. Score-Volumes ceases to please, Messrs. Flubdub and Weeps, and Miss Theodora Afflatus, are always ready to submit samples and await the favour of your kind commands. But the question is interesting, nevertheless, and not so simple after all; for just as many a man's wisdom shows itself best when he is playing the fool, so more knowledge of life, more insight, more wisdom, may be implied in a light novel than may be exhibited successfully in a serious work. It depends so much on whether the writer can best express his real self obliquely—by suppression, so to speak—or directly.

If the author of "Dodo" is not in the first rank, at any rate he counts. Good ladies in their drawing-rooms and gardens anticipate his books with that almost personal devotion which only naughtiness within the bounds of strict propriety can inspire. Nobody better than he can paint irresponsible people—people you would scarcely like to know were they not so well connected—and yet leave you with the virtuous feeling that, all said and done, you are purely a spectator. Thus you have the double virtuousness of sympathising with them most deeply, and also of passing by on the other side. And with a cleverness borrowed from Mr. Benson, you laugh at them as well. Of late, however, he has been becoming more serious. The problem of "Sheaves" is a grave one; incapable, like old age, of solution by common sense. Mr. Benson has recourse to death.

The common sense of Lady Peggy Rye, whose whirling philanthropic life is founded on the practical idea that enough hard work leaves no time for unhappiness, proves to be beside the point at the main crises of the story. Her remarks illuminate the action; she keeps the ring clear for the chief actors; and that is about all she can do. At her country house, her still beautiful widowed sister, Mrs. Allbutt, meets Hugh Grainger. Out of the experience and sorrow of her first marriage Mrs. Allbutt, as "Andrew Robb," has written a grim, great—and popular—play. Hugh Grainger possesses a marvellous voice, youth and physique; he is the perfect Lohengrin; but so much the artist, or so much the typical young Englishman (of the public school type, of course), that celebrity has no attraction for him. He unveils, however the authoress of the play, and she in turn arouses in him a desire for the vocal triumphs, which duly arrive. When Mrs. Allbutt announces their engagement, Lady Peggy points to the seventeen years' difference in their ages, tells her sister that she will be an old woman almost before Hugh is middle-aged, and as a final appeal says: "You are taking so much, you are taking all the best years of a young man's life, and giving him a life from which youth is past. It isn't fair. It is selfish."

> "Once again the glory of eternal youth so shone from Edith's face that Peggy felt there could be no mistake about this; whatever had lit that beacon must be meant for her.
> "'Then it is to be?' she asked.
> "'Yes, dear Peggy. I wanted to see you first, as I told you. But otherwise—for all you have said I thought of before, the night before, in fact—I only wonder now why I did not say "Yes" to him at once. . . .'
> "There was no more to say, and it was frankly useless to attempt to speak of aything else. But Peggy lay long awake. She turned from one side to the other and found no rest for her body or her thoughts. All her love for her sister desired her happiness, all her wisdom told her she could not find it permanently here. How could she? In the nature of things how could she? And Hugh?"

In the remainder of the book, Mr. Benson develops the happiness and the pathos of the marriage; the pathos of Edith's position when, with her baby by her, she watches her husband playing with the children and recognises that

* "Sheaves." By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

he belongs to their generation rather than to hers; and her magnificent courage, her joy in having lived, when, exiled to Davos Platz, she is dying of consumption. For that is Mr. Benson's way of ending the situation, instead of finding a solution, or at least a *modus vivendi* such as is frequently found in real life.

Scope for Mr. Benson's entertaining satire is given by Mrs. Owen, a leader of provincial culture, by Canon Alington, who hasn't got a mind of his own, but is "a mosaic of other things," and by the Canon's two well-trained little prigs of children, Ambrose and Perpetua. There Mr. Benson is at home, and at his best. But the more serious parts of the story the solution of the problem, the high-pressure love of Hugh and Edith, he seems to have found somewhat laborious work. His style is looser than usual, his grasp of the story less certain. He has fallen into the evil habit of interpolating chunks of descriptive matter, which, though very eloquent in themselves, neither advance the action nor, proportionately to their length, explain it. And if he had fully visualised to himself Lady Peggy and her life, he could hardly have made her live, on p. 33, in a "great barrack of a house in Pall Mall," and on p. 38 in a "huge chocolate-coloured house in Piccadilly." It is unexpected to have to describe a book by Mr. E. F. Benson as a praiseworthy effort. That is undoubtedly what this one is. Either he has attempted too much—and the scheme of the work *is* large—or else he has not given himself sufficiently to it. One half suspects the latter. There are fine characters, deftly drawn, in "Sheaves," and very delightful passages, but it is much more interesting in detail than successful as a whole.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S NEW POEMS.*

So many of us, sitting down to consider the work of a poet, seem to think it an important part of our duty to grub along in a narrow and niggling fashion, trying to pick out a line here, and a phrase there, that we can disapprove of triumphantly, not because it is lacking in splendour, in harmony, or appropriateness, but because it reminds us of a line or phrase in some other poet. I wonder if this sort of thing does actually amount to criticism, or is it merely an egotistical exhibition of the width of the critic's reading and the length of his memory? It has never struck me as anything better than a bad habit; a habit that grows and degenerates into a troublesome mania if the man who is afflicted with it does not discourage it whilst he is young. Every poet has been tormented more or less by such treatment, but none has been more ruthlessly victimised than Gray. Open almost any edition of his works, and you find that, for every half-page of Gray, there is a half-page of so-called parallel passages, as thus, with the very first line of the "Elegy":

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

Footnote:

"Dryden has a line resembling this—

'That tolls the knell of their departed sense';

and not dissimilar is Shakespeare's

'A sudden bell
Remembered knolling a departed friend.'"

One of Keats's most competent critics seems to have been bitten with this same madness, and you find him in his footnotes suggesting comparisons between Hyperion's "Most like the struggle at the gate of death" and Landor's "He seems to struggle from the grasp of death"; between Hyperion's "Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel" and Landor's "Every surge Runs with a louder murmur up their keel."

The fault may be mine, but I confess that comments of this type—and most of the poets are barnacled with them—appear to me to be purely fatuous and unilluminating. To speak quite plainly, if two poets use the word "keel," as in that last example, there can be no earthly reason for assuming that the second one cribbed it from the first; the dictionary was open to both. Such pettifogging pedantries invariably remind one of those dreary old bores who cannot look upon a beautiful woman and be happy in admiring her, but must needs go telling everybody, with an air of disparagement, that she is wonderfully like her grandmother, but not so lovely. Nobody ever supposes that she had no ancestors and inherited nothing from any one; and surely her beauty is none the less hers because she is to some extent indebted for it to a great predecessor, whose features you have been studying in the family portrait gallery.

Anyhow, that is not the wise, æsthetic way of judging anything, either in nature or in art; but it is the cheap, commonplace order of criticism from which Mr. Stephen Phillips has latterly suffered more, perhaps, than any modern man of letters. On his advent he was hailed rapturously, deliriously, as a new planet, an authentic great poet, who was to be set at once like a jewel in the heaven of fame, to sparkle there immortally. Then, very soon, as if these ecstasies had exhausted them or their vocabularies, the critics began to lower their tone, to make much, and too much, of his indebtedness to earlier poets, to quote stray lines and passages in which they caught a distant echo or fancied they traced an elusive influence of Marlowe, Keats, Tennyson. They have been indulging in the same pastime, I notice, over these "New Poems"; anybody could do it—it is so easy; but is it worth doing?

Personally, my delight in Mr. Phillips's work, and my admiration of it, have not waned in the least; for, of course, what was good when I first read it is still as good as it was, but, frankly, I do not think he has been quite fair to himself in putting together this latest volume. There are four poems in it, perhaps half a dozen, that are strong and individual, and touch the high level of his highest utterance; but for the rest—they are either good rhetorical occasional verses, or slight, scrappy, fragmentary experiments, not so much poems as poetical studies and exercises. "Endymion," "Orestes," "The Parting of Launcelot and Guinevere," "A Poet's Prayer," "The Dreaming Muse," the one-act tragedy of "Iole"—there is beauty, there are gleams of splendour in all these, for Mr. Phillip writes always in the golden language of poetry, as if it were his native tongue; but when you have read them, what do they amount to? You say they are pretty, they are veined with exquisite sentiment and delicate dreaming, and their numbers flow with a cunning and perfect sweetness, but you are sensible of no spontaneity in them, no true passion, none of the innate fire of thought and feeling by which great poetry lives; they are graceful, finely artistic, but they are thin, shadowy, forced; they leave you cold; they get no roots into your memory.

Yet I would sooner have had all these, disappointing as they are, than not have had the bizarre, phantasmal, daringly imaginative "Cities of Hell," the grim, tense ballad of "The Son," the wistful fantasy of the "Earth-Bond," the mysticism and human pathos that glimmer and darken tremulously through these "Thoughts in a Meadow":

"O why in this breathing field, this meadow of Maytime,
A-flurry with silverous gusts,
Why, O my soul, must thou still with a sadness behold it,
Strangely disturbed from afar?
And why is thy bliss never simple and never entire?
What hinders thee so to be gay?

"O soul, hadst thou waked on a world but newly created,
If thou wert the first that had breathed,
Then this brooding arch of the blue were beautiful merely,
Perfect the greenness of grass.
But ah, through thine eyes unnumbered dead ones are peering;
To the windows the phantoms throng;
Those millions of perished women, and poets, and lovers
Gaze where thou gazest and breathe;
And by ghosts is the blowing meadow-land unforgotten;
Memories deepen the blue.

* "New Poems." By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

"So through tears not our own is the sunset strangely pathetic ;
And splendid with thoughts not ours.
So feel we from far-off hills a soft invitation,
A divine beckon and call.
At the sudden mysterious touch of a stranger we tremble ;
At lightning from eyes in the crowd ;
And a child will sorrow at evening bells over meadows,
And grieve by the breaking sea.

"O never alone can we gaze on the blue and the greenness ;
Others are gazing and sigh ;
And never alone can we listen to twilight music ;
Others listen and weep ;
And the woman that sings in the dimness to millions is singing ;
Not to thee, O my soul, alone."

This poem, and those five or six others, are the only things in the book that really matter ; but then they matter so much that they vindicate Mr. Phillips's greatness as a poet by adding something to it.

Novel Notes.

SALLY BISHOP. By E. Temple Thurston. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Thurston's weakness is that he takes his critics and himself a great deal too seriously. In a dedicatory epistle he anticipates "the shrug-shoulder smile of critics at my sub-title—'A Romance'" ; he tells us that he has broken through conventionalities and thrown canons to the winds by making his story end in tragedy, and therefore the critics will deny that it is a romance. It is so easy to set up imaginary critics and knock the stuffing out of them in this style ; but there is a novel, to name only one, called "The Cloister and the Hearth," and all critics agree that it is one of the finest of romances, yet it ends unhappily. The complacent, rather too pompous note of the preface recurs in the story itself, always with a jarring effect. Mr. Thurston is an uncommonly clever writer, and "Sally Bishop" is an uncommonly clever book ; the analysis of character and motive is occasionally over-elaborate, the phrasing is sometimes laboured and sometimes irritatingly self-conscious, but the interest of the narrative strengthens and rises triumphantly through it all. The picture of clerk-life in London is outrageously exaggerated ; Mr. Thurston is not contented to represent that some clerks, but wishes us to believe that all of them, are worn out and utterly exhausted at the end of each day's work. "Now, when all the hours of the night are before him, his nervous energy has been sapped away. You get no spirit in a tired horse. It shies at nothing, but drags one foot wearily after another until the stable door is reached." Pit and gallery of music-hall and theatre tell a different tale ; so do the tennis-courts and cricket-pitches in the County Council parks. It is when he generalises that Mr. Thurston goes wrong ; Sally's own life as a typist is presented with knowledge and with admirable cunning, and the story of her career, of how she escaped out of the drabness of her surroundings into happiness, and presently all her happiness slipped through her fingers and was lost, is full of the charm and pathos and romance of real life. It is a story of love that ignores the marriage laws ; and the woman pays.

CAPTAIN SPINK, and Other Sea Comedies. By Morley Roberts. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

No life would seem at first sight better calculated to develop a man's latent eccentricities than that of a sea captain. For as Captain Spink put it, his authority is regal. He is autocrat aboard his craft, with no one to say him nay whatever he may choose to do. It is doubtless due to the stringency of sea tradition, the precision of ship's routine, that the average skipper does not achieve eccentricity, but becomes, and remains, what is called a character. Some writers, like Mr. Joseph Conrad, use his pronounced individuality for sounding the depths and possibilities of human nature ; others—and this volume is an instance—prefer to exploit the humorous side of him. Mr. Morley Roberts's seven short stories belong indeed rather to farce than to comedy. Best of them is the one which gives the title to the book. Captain Spink, having carefully insulted the Spaniards in a Spanish harbour, is fired upon, and on returning to England calls on the "Chief Foreign Officer" to insist on instant war with Spain. He is only pacified by an under-secretary, or something of that sort, who, like himself, is a Gloucester man, and, after offering drinks from his flask, he leaves the Foreign Office shouting : "Double Glo'ster every time!" His interview at the Foreign Office is really a delightful satire on the way a Government Department receives a caller who wants it to do something. "The Lothario of the *Peruvian*"—which is the tale of a captain so handsome that, seemingly, half the ladies of the Pacific coast put off to his ship—becomes very broad farce when the mate turns the hose upon the one woman who is his rightful wife ; and the amount of medicine consumed by Captain Wigges, the hypochondriac, outdoes the greatest possible efforts at belief. But though "Sea *Comedies*" is something of a misnomer, the volume is excellent reading. It will be a very dull or very literary person who does not get many a laugh out of it.

A LOVE IN ANCIENT DAYS. By T. H. Crosfield. 6s. (Elkin Mathews.)

Did ancient British maidens love Arthurian knights—or rather, to be precise, chivalrous barbarians—in the post-Tennysonian fashion, demurely and with perfect propriety? If not, "A Love in Ancient Days," for all its research and its carefulness in staging and scenery, is unhistoric as regards its main theme. Most historical fiction errs in the same way, of course ; for the modern reader would hardly tolerate the simplicity, not to say brutality, of ancient love affairs. We fancy, indeed, that there would be a fine scandal if one of the ancient maidens visited an establishment where our young ladies are taught the art of life as it isn't lived. Miss Crosfield's story takes place at the time when the Saxons were harrying the Romanised Britons, and had already formed settlements in the South of England. King Arthur was alive then, but does not appear in the story. Two high-born British maidens—Avanwy, thoughtful, cultured and beautiful, and Patricia, an attractive tom-boy—have their home destroyed, and are themselves captured by the Saxons. They are chivalrously treated by Cerdic, the younger son of the Saxon king, and all their subsequent adventures, their escape from, return to, and servitude in the Saxon camp only serve to break down Avanwy's prejudice against the enemy of her people. The picture of the strong fighting barbarian is so far successful that, not being greatly steeped in the "Idylls of the King," we feel it was decidedly unfair to consign him, with his bride, to certain boredom in "the quiet green Christian land of Ierne" ; just as we should have felt annoyed if Mr. Rider Haggard had sent Umslopogaas in white duck trousers to a missionary school. "A Love in Ancient Days" fails to convince us ; it fails to make us want to be convinced ; and it is rendered none the more credible by a preface in which we are told that a young lady has pieced it together out of her dreams of a previous existence of hers. Miss Crosfield writes with considerable delicacy of scenery, maidenly agitations, and such-like. She spares us the prehistoric equivalents of *Gadzooks!* and *By my halidom!* Her present romance should prove admirable for giving young ladies as realistic an idea of the Saxon invasion as they are commonly thought fit to bear, and if she will pitch her next story in a period and a society to which her brand of idealism can appropriately be applied, there is little doubt that she will do much better.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN. By James Douglas. 6s. (E. Grant Richards.)

It is very difficult to know what should be said of this novel. Its power is obvious, but the power is shown in such different directions that one is almost bewildered by the extraordinary transition between the first few chapters and the rest of the volume. Mr. Douglas starts fair. That is, he is fair to almost all his characters except when they are Orange. He presents a young Orangeman in Belfast, Gabriel Gordon, growing up amid the sectarian passion of that town. Mr. Douglas does not love Belfast. "Ulster is the vermiform appendix of Ireland, and the disease from which Ireland suffers is politico-religious appendicitis. . . . The only real remedy is a surgical operation." Only, he regretfully adds, the foreign body in the appendix is Scotch, and where the Scot goes he stays. One prepares for a clever Roman Catholic novel at this point, for Mr. Douglas is undeniably witty and angry. But, hey, presto! the wand is waved, and for the rest of the book we are in a world of brilliant mist, off earth entirely. Gabriel falls into the hands of Fionula, a Scarlet Woman in a double sense, who leads a Roman Catholic procession, but turns out to have raised a magnificent cathedral in London for humanitarian religion. She presents the infatuated Gabriel to this diocese, with a princely endowment, and a League of Humanity is formed, with the aforesaid Gabriel as the Chrysostom of the movement. Unluckily, he retains some conscience. Fionula's fascination is opposed by the simple love of an Irish girl for the young leader. Here the centre of gravity lies for the rest of the book, Gabriel struggling for his soul, both women suffering, and Cormac, Fionula's devoted admirer, driven to strategy. Mr. Douglas gets highly worked up over this problem, but he fails to convince his readers. The style is far too hectic, and the whole atmosphere of the latter half is heated and unreal. As most readers will surmise, "the unpardonable sin is the sin against the Holy Ghost, and the Holy Ghost is Love." The moral is unexceptional. Aideen saves Gabriel, but the latter is a poor, noisy creature, who rants interminably. If the account of the New St. Peter's is an elaborate satire, it is excellent in its humour. But an odd suspicion crosses one's mind that Mr. Douglas has got infected with the gravity of Gabriel's high-flying view. In that case the book is still more humorous.

THE GLADE IN THE FOREST, and other Stories. By Stephen Gwynn. 3s. 6d. (Dublin: Maunsel & Co.)

Of these seven stories, the best are those which bear on Irish life, particularly "The Grip of the Land." The story which gives its title to the volume is the longest in the book, but hardly the most characteristic. Women appear in all the stories, and Mr. Gwynn is very happy sometimes in his characterisation of their foibles. One of the most vivid, though she is not an Irishwoman, is the vicar's daughter in "Cross Purposes." Miss Marchmont "had not yet formulated her beliefs; she thought there was a great deal of truth in the New Testament, and a great deal in the writings of Walter Pater; and she was decidedly of opinion that dogmatic Christianity needed to be supplemented by a course of Maeterlinck." Two of the first three stories belong to the province of light comedy. But Mr. Gwynn passes on to the sister Isle, and his fine pathos is entirely convincing. The book contains studies as well as sketches. There are considerable differences in the elaboration of the various items, as well as in their topics, but the pages are always bright and fresh.

THE DOINGS OF BERENGARIA. By Shelland Bradley. 6s. (Bell & Sons.)

The majority of these sketches have appeared in the newspapers of India, with which country they deal; and thus a Kipling-like precedent is established. They do not, however, present the Indian scenes in the Kipling manner—they remind one more of Anthony Hope, for they are slight, they deal with Society, and they contain much dialogue. On the whole a pleasant picture of life at Slumpanaggur is presented. Berengaria, the central figure, is a woman—a married woman of much conversational strength—and there are such characters as the usual "Deputy Commissioners" and the "Rudest Woman in Asia." Berengaria is not exhilarating throughout, but on occasion she is thoroughly amusing.

CHRISTMAS AT POVERTY CASTLE. By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

It doubtless is a fair assumption that Mr. Tom Gallon is now among the "little masters" of present-day fiction-makers, and it is unnecessary to emphasise the fact that his model is Charles Dickens, for the fact must be obvious to all who study Mr. Gallon's work. He does not emulate the long and complex sentence of Dickens, but he has the Dickens point of view and the Dickens turn of phrase. One example of the Dickensian turn of phrase as found in this novel—or fairy-tale—may be given; it is typical of many. Mr. Gallon is writing of a domestic servant, and he says that she had "one tin trunk and no friends." The thing is not difficult to do, but Dickens began it. . . . The story of "Christmas at Poverty Castle" is slight and pleasant. It deals with a writing-man and his family, housed in a seedy part of Kensington, and in desperate straits for money. How they spent a pleasant Christmas, and who enabled them to do so, are entertainingly and with much geniality set forth. The children in the book are drawn with kindly skill; but is this the kind of criticism that would come from a boy aged ten? The point of view may be that of a boy of that age, but what of the phraseology? The girl-characters of the writing-man are under discussion at his breakfast-table, and these are the words credited to ten-year-old: "Sloshy! Put one of 'em on horseback, with a band of Red Indians riding like a word you mustn't say after her, and where would she be? That's my test for heroines." There are tests for ten-year-old boys, and this Gallon boy fails to fit them. Still, the book has in it more than a touch of fairyland, and Mr. Gallon may not hold that he means his characters to be such people as really exist.

THE NUN. By René Bazin. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Mr. Harold Frederic once observed, in a novel, that no one was so sure to be wrecked as an unfrocked priest. He meant a priest unfrocked voluntarily or for some moral fault. But the principle holds true, to some extent, of priests who are thrown by some accident out of their narrow routine, and René Bazin, in this extremely fine story, has applied it still further to nuns. The plot of the tale is found in the recent French law affecting nunneries. The community of St. Hildegarde, consisting of five nuns, is broken up; the four elder ones, devout, unselfish women, have to suffer many privations, and suffer them loyally. But the fifth, a pretty weak girl, called Sister Paschale, is thrown back on relatives who force her into ways of shame, and the tragic story ends with her murder. It is not often that the English public receive so veracious and beautiful a study of the nun's character from the inside. The account of how Paschale left her father, a Lyons silk-weaver, in order to keep herself good by means of a religious vocation, of how the father bravely accepted his daughter's decision, and of how the two parted with unbroken affection—this forms one of the most moving passages which have been written in recent fiction. One opens rather reluctantly a book with this title. The ordinary writer is apt to portray a nun's life either from a sensational, romantic standpoint, or from a sentimental and exaggerated position. In either case, the reality is soiled. René Bazin is too subtle an artist to adopt either

of these methods, and the impression left by these pages is one of almost unalloyed pleasure. There is a delicacy, a self-restraint, an accuracy of feeling, in this book, which marks it out as one of a thousand. This may seem rather overblown praise, but the reviewer is confident that few readers of "The Nun" will fail to rank this pathetic tale very high indeed among the masterpieces of modern fiction. The closing part is indeed horrible. The brutality of Paschale's tormentors is sketched with almost overpowering effect. But this hardly detracts from the impressiveness of the story, taken as a whole.

THE HISTORY OF AYTHAN WARING. By Violet Jacob. 6s. (William Heinemann.)

This is the story of a young married woman, with two adopted sons. Her husband, an elderly man, had undertaken the charge of these youths, but on his death they remain on the estate and in the house, till complications arise. One of the young men, the hero of the tale, is a clean, straight fellow. The other, Eustace, is a selfish philanderer, and Hester's passion for him drives Aythan out of the house. Hester's enmity follows him, until she stoops to conspire against him. But the plot fails at the end, thanks partly to the intervention of a baronet, Aythan's employer. A love-story is interwoven with the main plot of the book, and Mrs. Jacob has again drawn the mixture of wild country passion and justice with excellent skill. It is a well-contrived story, thoroughly interesting and skilfully worked out.

The Bookman's Table.

THYRSIS AND FAUSTA. A Pastoral: with Other Plays and Poems. By Rosalind Travers. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

"We have here to do, if we mistake not," said Dr. Garnett in his introduction to Miss Travers's first volume, "with a powerful and original mind, inspired with deep and even passionate interest in the questions of the day, and phases of contemporary existence, while at the same time capable of bestowing on them that ideal radiance which redeems them from the commonplace." The contrast between the urban and pastoral spirits, between natural beauty and the barbarism of our civilisation, was the dominant note of "The Two Arcadias." The reconciliation of these two tendencies "with nearer references to modern needs and conditions" was the line of thought anticipated for Miss Travers by Dr. Garnett. And it may be said at once, without any disparagement of this second volume as it stands, that Miss Travers does not appear to have proceeded much farther with the foreshadowed reconciliation. Rather more than half of "Thyrsis and Fausta" is occupied with a pastoral so entitled. As a pastoral it is spoilt by the intrusion of the modern note of pain, self-questioning and the like, whilst as a form for the treatment of phases of contemporary existence, it is obviously inadequate. For we are not Arcadians nowadays. We can spend our playtime in Arcadia; or we can retire thither away from modern life; but live our modern life in Arcady we do not, and cannot. To transport it there for the sake of treating it imaginatively, is to diminish its reality; to express it in pastoral terms is, for us moderns, to weaken its emotional intensity. "Thyrsis and Fausta," despite its general poetic quality, is most memorable for the lyrics which can be separated from it, such as the lightsome and beautiful song of Pan about the daffodils:

> "Would you know how daffodils
> First came to be?
> Bubbles they of sleepy laughter
> Breaking lightly free
> From the lips of waking dryads,
> Stirring drowsily;
> Loth to leave their wintry couches
> Ere a leaf is on the tree."

Better by far, in relation to contemporary existence, is a grim little play called "The Fire of Life," written mostly in prose, but as poetical in essence as it is ironic in conception. The scene is a workhouse infirmary where men, not having the spirit left to kill themselves, "just rot away." There, while Old Baby, an imbecile, babbles his songs of the wide free world, the shut-up pauper invalids discuss *things*, discuss life, our modern life, with the directness of the uneducated. Suddenly a hopeless cripple who has been the itinerant preacher of a small obscure sect bursts out into a justification, according to his particular beliefs, of the ways of God with men.

> "Cry aloud, O heart, for God shall answer thee!
> The Lord our God shall make thy darkness clear
> As the white splendour of noon!"

he begins; and he ends with:

> "O friend!
> Dost thou not hear? Lift thy sad eyes above
> Our dim and passing misery! behold!
> His hand is on thee now!"

With true imaginative detachment, Miss Travers allows the cripple to say many things which would be trite or stupid in the mouth of an educated man, and undeniably what he says is poetry, written in blank verse that does move. Some short poems which are singularly free from the sporadic gorgeousness of the minor poet, and "Laus Amicitiæ: In Memory of the Author's Friend, Richard Garnett" make up the volume. There is nothing in "Thyrsis and Fausta" which possesses the sweep and glamour of "The Enemy Within"—the drama of ancient Cornwall in "The Two Arcadias"—but in saying this we should say also that Miss Travers is more to be praised. and is more interesting too, for her sincere and very largely (though not quite) successful attempt to face modernity, than are the most felicitous poets who content themselves with broidering—and hiding—life with words.

INTERLUDES AND POEMS. By Lascelles Abercrombie. 5s. net. (Lane.)

There are people who write verse not because they have anything to say, but because they have a pretty way of saying things. Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, on the contrary, seems to have too much to say. He is spendthrift of his ideas; or, rather, he does not limit their measure by the capacity of his vessel of expression. He has come under the influence of Mr. John Davidson in his later manner. But though Mr. Davidson is apt nowadays to pack his thoughts too close, he is master of his means, and even "The Triumph of Mammon" is shapely, if not uniformly beautiful. Mr. Abercrombie has not yet attained to this mastery. He cannot keep the balance between thought and form, and his poetry in consequence is constantly degenerating to chaos. Nor does he mend matters by a wilful use of crude phrases and uncouth words.

There is plenty of the stuff of poetry in this book, however, which only needs a master's hand to make it art. In "Blind," for instance, the most dramatic and effective of the interludes, there is this fine passage, which lacks but an indefinable something of being very beautiful:

> "You know
> She let me put my hands upon her head:
> What a wonderful loveliness that is of hair,—
> Soft, smooth, delicious as the smell of gorse
> In sunlight, and for slipping through your fingers
> Better than water. Hair—yes, it would be
> A nature, I suppose, between sunshine
> And water, and yet neither.—There must be
> Words equal to the loveliness of hair;
> If I could find them! Golden, do they say?
> I wish the words for beauty had been made
> By men who knew with hands, and not with eyes."

Mr. Abercrombie shows there, as in many other passages, a fine apprehension of beauty. He has, too, a subtle feeling for the symbolism of colour, for the inner meaning of outward semblances. He has even that sense of ecstasy of which so much great poetry has been born.

> "Into my thought had too much gone
> The inconceivable room of the blue night,—
> The blue that seems so near to be
> Appearance of divinity,—
> And the continual stars."

Much more could be quoted to show how little Mr. Abercrombie is to be ranked with the mere makers of verse. Yet he has hardly written a line that one remembers, wrought scarcely one image so perfectly that one adds it to one's memory's store of beautiful things.

THE TINKER'S WEDDING. By J. M. Synge. 2s. net. (Maunsel & Co.)

"The Tinker's Wedding," the fifth play that Mr. Synge has published, is wrought from the same material as all the others. By this limitation, this loving attention to one beautiful theme, the author has contrived to make characteristic of his writing a quality which is rare in educated art. It is the gift of seeing quite clearly the essence of things and of interpreting it quite simply without embroidery or transmutation. This is perhaps the purest inspiration; yet some of the greatest artists have never known it. We find it in a line of poetry or a single phrase, which burns itself into our memory from the midst of forgettable stuff. It is the true realism and the true symbolism.

This perfect fusion of thought and word is what gives the best folk-poetry eternal life, what makes "Waly Waly" the saddest and most beautiful of songs.

Mr. Synge's art is naturally akin to folk-poetry, for from the folk he has drawn his inspiration. He has lived in the Irish islands, where dwells a people of lonely fishermen. These men speak a primitive language, with no swollen vocabulary, but rhythmical as the wind and the sea, in the narration of whose moods it is so largely employed. Mr. Synge has deliberately made this language his own, and from it wrought an art which seems a new thing because its elements are outside time and the mutable fashions.

These plays are full of beautiful imagery drawn from the sea and the winds and the stars. Yet it is not the imagery of the studio. It is perfectly natural that the tipsy old woman in "The Tinker's Wedding" should say that her head has "a noise in it the like of what you'd hear in a stream and it running between two rocks and rain falling"; or that when she has helped to put the priest's head in a sack she should hear his nose "blowing back and forward as easy as an east wind on an April day." People think in such symbols as these before they have been sophisticated by books.

"The drama," writes Mr. Synge in his short preface, "is made serious—in the French sense of the word—not by the degree in which it is taken up with problems that are serious in themselves, but by the degree in which it gives the nourishment, not very easy to define, on which our imaginations live." "The Tinker's Wedding" is comedy, almost farce. It has none of the avowed tragedy of "Riders to the Sea" or the implicit tragedy of "The Playboy of the Western World." But it is beautiful and true and gives us the nourishment on which our imaginations live.

NO. 10, DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL. By Charles Eyre Pascoe. 21s. net. (Duckworth.)

Downing Street is said to be the most famous street in the world; and No. 10 is certainly the most famous house in the street. It is the hub of the Empire; Cabinets have met there, and it has been the residence of practically every British Premier since the time of Sir Robert Walpole. Famous as the street is, how many of us really know anything of its history? Mr. Pascoe has gone searching among dusty records, studying maps and plans and deeds and letters; and, as a result of his careful and enthusiastic labours, gives us in this handsome volume all of that history that is ever likely to be known. George Downing, as a child, was taken out to America by his father; as a young man he returned to England and became chaplain to one of Cromwell's regiments of Roundheads. Later, he entered the diplomatic service, and was the Lord Protector's ambassador to the Netherlands; he was, before and after, a colleague of Pepys, and took office readily under Charles II., who gave him a baronetcy; altogether Mr. Pascoe pictures him as a mean and somewhat rascally person, a capable official "who was most capable of looking after himself." He obtained a lease of Crown land in Whitehall, and built Downing Street, and the No. 10 that was to become world-renowned. Mr. Pascoe tells the story of Whitehall from the Tudor days, brings you to the building of the street, and then traces the record of the house through various tenancies, until it became the residence of Prime Ministers. It is a delightfully gossipy chronicle, preserving many anecdotes and something of the biography of the heads of different Cabinets down to the present one. There are numerous plans, portraits, sketches, and illustrations in colour that add much to the value of an interesting and essentially valuable book.

OUR FIRST AMBASSADOR TO CHINA. By Helen H. Robbins. 16s. net. (Murray.)

Although it is with his memorable embassy to China that Lord Macartney's name is most closely associated, and although the awakening of interest in the peoples of the Far East is the main reason of this biography by Mrs. Robbins, we confess that it is in the other episodes of his varied public career that we find Lord Macartney most interesting. Nor is this altogether to be wondered at. For her story of the embassy Mrs. Robbins has gone direct to the journal which Lord Macartney kept, and this, while full of entertaining and valuable information, does not equal the account published by his companion, Sir George Staunton. On the other hand, many other portions of Lord Macartney's public activities—as, for example, his private mission to Louis XVIII. at Verona, on which he was sent by George III.—are now more fully described in the light of hitherto unpublished papers. How Lord Macartney came to be selected for the embassy to China is best to be understood by a brief survey of his career. The son of an Irish country gentleman, Mr. Macartney (as he then was) came to London as a young man, where his handsome presence and intellectual attainments (he was a member of Dr. Johnson's literary club) quickly brought him into prominence. When only twenty-seven years old he was dis, patched to St. Petersburg to negotiate a commercial treaty-which he finally succeeded in doing, owing no small part of his success to the impression he had made upon the inflammable but acute Empress Catherine. This service had brought him a knighthood, and upon his return Sir George Macartney thought seriously of devoting himself to a parliamentary career. Some reflections of his upon love and love affairs in Russia show him to have been far from romantic, and Sir George probably had no great affection for Lady Jane Stuart, whom he married at this time. His parliamentary ambitions, however, did not prosper as well as he expected, and though for three years he acted with success as Chief Secretary for Ireland, he was much more in his element as Governor of Grenada. The island was captured by the French during his Governorship, and Lord Macartney, as he had now become, was treated with great lack of courtesy, being robbed of his furniture, books, plate, and even of his wearing apparel. He had, however, done so well in the position, that he was next appointed President of Madras by the East India Company. In Madras, probably,

Hodder and Stoughton's Literary Competitions, 1907-1908

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Mr. W. W. Northcott, 27, Craven Road, Hyde Park, W.
Miss Chamberlain, Plas Brith, Llandudno, N. Wales.
Mr. S. G. Toplis, The Crossways, Audley Road, Hendon, N.W.
Miss Alice Davis, 30, Sandgate Road, Folkestone.
Miss Mary Dolling, The Memorial Home, Worthing.
Mr. J. R. Gregory, 2, Acton Square, Salford.
Mr. Richard W. Compton, Crofton, St. James's Road, West Croydon.
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Miss Annie Haynes, 14, Radnor Place, Hyde Park, W.
Mr. S. G. Toplis, The Crossways, Audley Road, Hendon, N.W.
Miss Carina Ingham, Ebor House, Paignton, Devon.
Mr. E. B. Gordon, The White Cottage, Berkhampstead, Herts.
Miss Gladys Atkinson, 9, Carisbrooke Road, Walthamstow, N.E.
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Miss Mary Wilson, c/o Anderson, 13, Parson's Green Terrace, Edinburgh.
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The Result of "The Lady of the Decoration" Competition will be announced in the next issue of THE BOOKMAN, *as the papers have not yet been returned from America, where they have been sent for examination by the Author.*

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was done the best work of his life. Not only did he show himself to have some of the qualities of the soldier, but, above all, he introduced what was regarded as a dangerous innovation by his resolute refusal to take bribes from the native potentates. At the same time he held out firmly against the pretensions of the military commanders, and his differences with General Stuart were finally settled only by a duel in which Lord Macartney was wounded. The East India Company, however, thoroughly appreciated his services, and it was they who paid the expenses of the mission to China which Lord Macartney undertook in 1792 in order to procure some advantages for British traders. In her account of this, as we have said, Mrs. Robbins merely reprints Lord Macartney's journal, but she adds some comments at the end explaining in a perfectly satisfactory way why the embassy failed. Macartney's mission to Verona has already been mentioned. But his career was not yet finished, for he was reluctantly persuaded to accept the Governorship of the Cape of Good Hope, which he held for some eighteen months till compelled to retire by ill health. We have sketched Lord Macartney's career because, despite his many eminent services, his record is probably less remembered than it deserves to be, and because this seems to be the most likely way of encouraging people to read the pages of Mrs. Robbins's excellently written, if rather partial, biography.

DRY FLY FISHING AND SALMON FLY CASTING. By F. G. Shaw. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

This is described as a second edition of the author's "Science of Dry Fly Fishing," but it is to all intents and purposes a new book, for he has rewritten the whole of the trout fishing portion, and added to the work a life-history of the salmon, a description of the various methods of casting for salmon, and an article on the preservation and conservation of the fish in British waters. "The most essential portion of the dry fly fisherman's art," writes Mr. Shaw, "and the most difficult to acquire, is the power to place at once and with certainty the right fly, delicately and accurately, over his fish." That Mr. Shaw is himself a caster of much skill may be accepted from the fact that he won the Amateur Championship for trout fly casting at the International Tournament of 1904; and his pages show that he has the power of imparting, through the medium of English that is simple and lucid, some knowledge of how anglers may achieve at least some part of his dexterity. It is, of course, problematical that very much about fly casting can be learned from a book, for the real place of the mentor in this matter is with his disciple by the waterside. Still, the excellent photographs and the clearly written instructions of Mr. Shaw should prove helpful. In the trout fishing section, Mr. Shaw concerns himself mainly with the dry fly, and he says it may be most seriously argued and maintained that dry fly fishing takes a place second to no other pastime in the world. He adds that there is no sport in which skill, knowledge, and enthusiasm meet with so certain a reward throughout a season as in dry fly fishing, and that herein lies its deserved popularity. He is not, however, a bigot—not one of those determined dry fly fishermen detested by Mr. W. Earl Hodgson, who have only sneers and scorn for the performer with the wet or sunk fly. "Many excellent fishermen," writes Mr. Shaw, "confine their fishing to either the wet or dry fly method, but the most successful fisherman generally will be he who is in reality the master of both." The dry *v.* wet fly controversy has raged furiously for many years now, but Mr. Shaw's finding is that generally accepted by those who know both methods and are not partisans. A great deal of the opposition to the more scientific method, *i.e.*, unquestionably, the dry fly, has come from Scotland, and it is to be feared that all the Scotch detractors do not have intimate acquaintance with that style of fishing. As a rule, to employ the dry fly on the swift-running rivers of the North would be a waste of labour and skill, but who can question but that the methods of the Test and Itchen anglers would often secure a basket on a Scotch river or loch on days when the wet fly is proving ineffective? Mr. Shaw has remarks on up-stream fishing with the wet fly. What percentage of wet fly anglers fish up-stream, though it is the method recommended by angling writers from Stewart onwards? For several seasons the reviewer has kept a keen look-out on Scotch rivers, and he has rarely or never seen people fishing up-stream, save when there was a stiffish breeze in that direction. In regard to salmon and the much-debated point as to why they seize a bait, Mr. Shaw has the view that their instinct compels them to pursue, capture, and destroy all the forms of life existing in the waters which will be the future home of their young. "Nature," he writes, "despite its immutable laws of supply and demand, is rarely destructive for destruction's sake, and the salmon's attack on moving objects is actuated by the absolutely natural law which dictates the safety and survival of the species." From which extract—typical of much that is in the volume—it will be gathered that "Dry Fly Fishing and Salmon Fly Casting" is not merely a treatise on how to fish.

MEMOIRS OF A SURREY LABOURER: A Record of the Last Years of Frederick Bettesworth. By George Bourne. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Four or five years ago Mr. Bourne published a collection of the conversations of an elderly Surrey labourer, named Bettesworth, and strung them together in the most modest and telling way. The book had so pure a country flavour that it is hard to think of one to go with it, except "Amaryllis at the Fair" and some of the "Lancashire Sketches" of Waugh. Mr. Bourne's writing was an adequate, unaffected medium which only artists can sufficiently praise. Little was deliberately left out except some names of places and persons, yet nothing failed to count, so honestly was it used. The picture of a labourer and his wife thus given, of his work, his recreations, his musings, his recollections, was large, tender, always lovable. We felt that here was a true common man rescued from oblivion without falling into the worse fate of being skied by artifice. It was one of those footnotes to "Leaves of Grass" which authors can safely go on making for many years yet. "Memoirs of a Surrey Labourer" is a continuation of the "Bettesworth Book," from the year 1892 to the death of the old man in 1905. It has so far no competitors as a piece of social history, revealing clearly a thousand things about the way of life of a rural day labourer, his turns of thought and fancy, the peculiarities of idiom, accent and vocabulary in his speech, the working of his mind in all manner of ways—remembering Balaclava, thinking of the dead, commenting on current affairs—and with a plentiful margin also for incommunicable things. This is the manner of it. He is speaking of a man who was religious-mad in an asylum:

> "All he kep' on about was the devil. The devil kep' comin' and botherin' of 'n. 'Tis a bad job. I s'pose he went right into it—studyin' about these here places nobody ever bin to an' come back again to tell we. Nobody didn't know nothin' about it. 'Ten't as if they come back to tell ye. There's my father, what bin dead this forty year. What a crool man he must be not to 've come back in all that time, if he was able, an' tell me about it. That's what I said to Colonel Sadler. 'Oh,' he says, 'you better talk to the vicar.' 'Vicar?' I says. 'He won't talk to me?' Besides, what do he know about it more'n anybody else?"

But no quotation can do justice to the book. There are good things in it, but it is the abundance of it that counts most. There is no artful concentration in it, never a heightening word. In fact, Mr. Bourne may seem to do himself a little harm by showing his hand so candidly in cases where his notes or memories fail, by not fearing to lack point; but then this makes our confidence in him complete. Nor is he only a chronicler: some of his own little descriptions, always relevant, brief, are masterly in truth and in easy, fine expression. We hope that he will not stop here, and believe that he cannot.

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> " up-call
> Some little things that barely do befall ;
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> To vanish ere they float into the eye :
> That I may stay their passage, fix them, fair
> As gems that only gentle manners wear."

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Reprints and New Editions.

The addition of **Eugénie Grandet,** by Honoré de Balzac (ed. H. E. Berthon, 2s. 6d. net), to the neat volumes of the Oxford Higher French Series edited by Leon Delbos and published by the Clarendon Press deserves a hearty welcome. The print is rather small perhaps, but the text is accurate, the notes are bright and to the point, and there are two portraits *apropos,* one of Balzac in the familiar monkish garb, the other of Mlle. Nivellcau, the supposed original of Eugénie herself, who refused Balzac's hand but impressed his imagination sufficiently to be enshrined for many generations in the amber of the finest story he ever wrote. The introduction, we must admit, is disappointing, it is patchy and disconnected, it circumvallates Balzac, it prates about this and that, but it does not set forth simply and clearly what " Eugénie Grandet" is. You might read it half a dozen times without discovering that we have here one of the greatest masterpieces of all fiction ; or that Balzac in this wonderful book combines the beautiful simplicity and unity of an eighteenth-century *conte* with all the scientific detachment and relentless portraiture of the *roman naturaliste* of which he himself was to be known as the pioneer. Eugénie, Ninon, M. Charles, but, above all, Grandet himself, are figures unrivalled in the whole range of novel portraiture. The intensive power developed in the description of this narrow interior has been equalled, so far as we know, only in the case of " Wuthering Heights." The pathos of Eugénie's love, springing up like a prison flower long confined amid the stony flags of a miser's heart, is subtle and profound. In " Le Cousin Pons " alone has Balzac even approached it in delicacy. And Grandet to our mind far surpasses Goriot. He is not exaggerated. He is not merely grotesque like Harpagon, or pathetic like Shylock, nor is he a mere sketch like the misers in " Nigel," " Old Mortality," or " Kidnapped." His character is clearly developed and studiously confined within the limits of human nature and logical probability. The style of the book itself has the same golden moderation, brevity, and radiance. The prosperity of the phrase and the smoothness of the diction are unusual in this author. Eugénie Grandet marks the apogee of the power of a master justly described by Taine as the most powerful creator of character since the days of Shakespeare.

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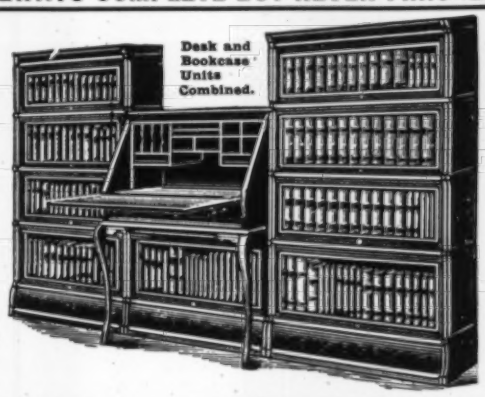

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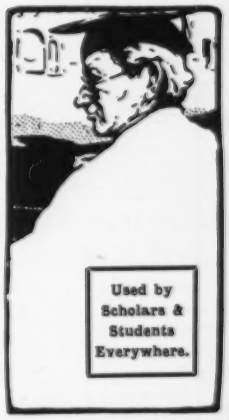

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